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THE REDEEMER

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LIFE'S JOURNEY

BY

HENRY HUTCHINSON MONTGOMERY

D.D., D.C.L.

SOMETIME BISHOP OF TASMANIA
SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL
PRELATE OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

THE BISHOP OF LONDON

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TO

MY WIFE

INTRODUCTION

I have read this book through from end to end, and practically at a sitting, and I feel not only that I want to be a better man, but I feel *encouraged* to try to be a better man: if it will have, as I am sure it will have, the same effect upon others, that alone proves that it is a good book for Lenten reading. It is certainly, as the title of the first chapter suggests, "a book for encouragement," and we all want encouragement, especially in days like these.

There are cynics who suggest openly that the clergy may just as well enlist at once, "as there is *nothing doing* in Christianity to-day." In a lifelike account of Christmas in the trenches one man is reported to have said, as he flung himself down in his dug-out after his morning's work: "Nineteen hundred and fifteen years, and it has come to this!"

This book will encourage those who are inclined to believe that the war is the deathblow of Christianity, for it shows how stern true Love is, and how lives dropped apparently uselessly in the stream are like stones dropped into the stream at the building of a bridge—stones which one day will bear the great bridge over which a redeemed and reconciled humanity shall pass on its victorious way.

But it will encourage more than those troubled in their faith by the war, it will help those who feel the heavenly realities to be very "far off" and whose religion "leaves them cold," for this book breathes from end to end the atmosphere of the near Presence of the Saviour Himself; those who catch its spirit will know that "the great Companion is not dead," but that "Jesus of Nazareth still passes by."

But there is another class of men and women who will find encouragement in *Life's Journey*, and that is our timid Churchmen and Churchwomen. To my mind, one of the most valuable chapters in the book is the sympathetic and yet searching examination of *Pilgrim's Progress* as a manual of theology. No one disputes, least of all the author of this book, the marvellous genius of that wonderful story, but no doubt, as the Bishop points out, it has by its very genius left a truncated Christianity upon the imagination of mankind. The Pilgrim is so intent on saving his own soul that the poor wife and children are left without a thought; there seems no idea in the story that the people of the City of Destruction could possibly be converted; Christ Himself is never present to the Pilgrim until the end of the journey, and there is no hint of that Sacramental Presence which is the chief comfort of the pilgrim in "life's journey" to-day.

The Churchman truly will find, when he reads this book, that "life's journey" for him may be a far more hopeful progress than the progress of the man

whose one idea is "saving his own soul"; he travels in a goodly company who

> "Ever look sunward and with faces golden,
> Speak to each other softly of a hope."
>
> —FREDERICK MYERS.

Nay, Hope and Faith, the Twin Sisters so beautifully described in this book, move forward to lead that goodly company with their shining staves, and have time, and care too, to help along each individual pilgrim as he struggles on his way. The Lord Himself is in their midst, although they see Him not, and again and again refreshes each with Sacramental gifts, and by the same Sacramental bond moulds them into a living brotherhood. All nations are to be one day in the goodly company, for each has its special contribution to make to the glory of the great Catholic Church which is sweeping on to the Eternal City; and although the company is so great, yet each has his "hidden manna" and "a new name which no one knows but he himself," and the personal Presence of his Master and Saviour all to himself.

I feel grateful, then, to the hard-worked Bishop who has found time to write us this book for the coming Lent, and I commend *Life's Journey* to all my people. May it "give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and guide their feet into the way of peace!"

A. F. LONDON.

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I BEG to acknowledge my indebtedness to Miss Mary Harris and Messrs. Mowbray for leave to quote from *The Altar of Fellowship:* to Miss Selina Fox for quotations from *A Chain of Prayer across the Ages:* to the Editor of *The Smart Set* magazine for the poem "Failure": to Messrs. Routledge for two poems of Archbishop Trench: to Messrs. Parker for a prayer of Dr. Bright: to Messrs. Cassell for a prayer of Father John.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	INTRODUCTION BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON	vii
I.	A BOOK FOR ENCOURAGEMENT	1
II.	WALKING IN THE WAY	14
III.	THE EVER-PRESENT FRIEND	27
IV.	FAITH	41
V.	HOPE	61
VI.	LOVE	75
VII.	PRAYER	90
VIII.	PREPARING THE WAY	100
IX.	THE HORIZON	114
X.	A NATIONAL MISSION	131
XI.	EASTER MORNING	143

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LIFE'S JOURNEY

CHAPTER I

A BOOK FOR ENCOURAGEMENT

These are the days when many, perhaps all, who stay at home need encouragement. The journey of life bears hard on us, and I have set out to console. We are all Wayfarers, and as we walk let us converse. I for my part will try and point out the beauties of the way, and also its dangers and hardships, and even its terrors at times. But it will ever be with a tender heart for those who have been called to trust in One who never lays duties upon us without at the same time giving us strength for them; above all, Divine Companionship. I want to prove true for you the words of the prophet—"An highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness . . . the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." That promise has been repeated through all the ages, and wonderful as it seems, it has been proved true. Even the simple and foolish have walked on that way and have attained. Why should not we?

It is of course a mystic way, and you must be prepared

for meetings with many beings, some who are fellow travellers of like nature with ourselves; but again, we may meet angels and they will accost us and we will speak to them. Sometimes I shall bid you pause and look on some vista, or overlook from a height some land far from the shores of England. We shall pass close to "Immanuel's Land" also and go upon our way again with deepened feelings, with warnings and with a deeper devotion for, and a greater trust in, "Him Who loveth us and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

There are, however, many subjects connected with the Highway which had better be treated as a general introduction to our own entering upon the way in the manner which I propose.

There, for example, stands a group of middle-aged men and women, and some are old. Ask them what the Highway is like, what has been their own experience. You will see how extraordinarily different have been the actual experiences of even this one group of wayfarers, and you can multiply such examples almost to infinity.

Let them speak in turn. That aged man, ask him; and tell him at the same time that you fear for yourself. He speaks: "The way as I look back upon it has been so varied that it is difficult for me to describe it adequately. After I came to man's estate (I do not speak of the earlier years) I passed through a valley. All I can tell you is that the light failed. Moreover I was haunted by evil things, devils if you will. Hope left me, life

seemed to have nothing to offer me. But the morning came, and the sun shone once more, and I have never ceased to thank God for His mercies to me in those days of inexperience, and in the presence of dangers which I thought I could never overpass. Then I came to a broad road through a smiling land. But such easy travelling did not last many days. Soon they were succeeded by dull hours through a desert. Once I passed through a chasm where there was hardly foothold. Once a comrade played me false and almost ruined my life. I have known storms of rain and also days of summer sunshine. The way took me over the tops of high hills and again down through forests. Once or twice I came to waters which could only be crossed in a boat which I had to row alone. How I have ever come through, I who am one of the fools mentioned by the prophet, I can hardly tell. And yet you know well how it was. To-day I know that I never lacked a Divine Companion. Cheer up : be not afraid." Address yourself now to that middle-aged woman. She answers gladly ; only she says : " I fear I have so little to tell. The way for me has been a daily round. I have often thought I have been like the old horse that spent his life walking in a circle, being no more than the motive power of the machinery of the mill. I have never left home. I couldn't : I had an aged and infirm relative to tend for thirty years. Now I am too old to turn my hand to anything. I have seen no other lands. I have never been able to travel, or to read much, or to go into society. I have tried

patiently to do just this one single duty as it seemed to me to be."

Shall we take off our hats to that woman? It is wonderful how the Master trains some of His noblest servants.

Now approach that aged person. You see that she is sitting down and has a patient look on her face. You note also that it is a beautiful face. Listen: "If you care to know my story it is just this: The way for me has been enclosed in one room—almost. At eighteen I fell and injured my spine. I am sixty now. I have been dependent upon others all the while. Once I rebelled: now I don't. I have learnt such wonderful lessons of the kindness of people. The world is so full of kind people. It must be a beautiful world, but, you see, I have never really seen it except from my window, at least not since I could appreciate things. But I have my own window too. I dream. Some day I shall see. No: I am not envious of anyone. Indeed I have had so many visits from the Divine Friend. You will understand when I say that I cannot help knowing Him well. I have had so few interruptions, and for the same reason I couldn't but talk to my visitors chiefly about Him, and my friends do not mind. One reason for this is that I think the window of which I speak, out of which I seem sometimes to sail away on a magic carpet, seems to bring me such different experiences from those that come to others. No: I am not envious of others."

I see you have uncovered your head, and rightly.

A fourth. "I have been a bigger fool than most" says that man hardly yet middle-aged. "I often read the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke and then thank God. You see, all that story comes straight home to me. So does another passage somewhere in the Old Testament, about a brand plucked from the burning. You don't want details from me. But what I do want to say about the Highway is that you need never despair. The great miracle of all is the goodness and patience and love of God. Haven't I proved it ? Never despair. The best is always in front, because God is in front. Press on. If you come to grief at school, pluck up heart. Live to be a better man. If you were sent down from College, life isn't over, and especially in these great days. You can yet be a blessing to the world." Most tenderly and with great respect we thank him.

A fifth. A woman, still young. She has got herself into a tangle, misled. There seems no way out. Things cannot be undone. At present there is nothing to be done but to wait, to refuse to be rash or to be desperate ; just to wait. We do not ask her to speak. We are silent. But we hear a voice we know well—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." And a picture flashes up before us. We see a man sinking beneath the wave ; he stretches out his hand and cries, "Lord, save me." Also almost on the same page of the New Testament there is recorded another cry—the call of a woman in desperate trouble about a daughter. The drowning man and the distraught mother both pray to the same One—"Lord, save me : " "Lord, help

me." The scenes vanish but we are comforted. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." That is enough.

But there is another—yourself. You have at present only spoken of your comrades. Will you tell us of the way as you at present know it?

This is the answer of my fellow wayfarer—"No, don't ask me yet about myself: the greater part of the Highway is most likely still for me to press with my feet. That is, I am still fairly young. But I should like to conduct you to my old school. It is holiday time. The boys are all at home. The classrooms are empty. I feel I should like tenderly to renew my memories of my comrades. In these days more than ever before, one has begun to think of others rather than of oneself, of their well-being, of their 'salvation' if you don't mind my using the word. Don't you know how it is that we care less and less about winning through ourselves and getting home all along the road unless the others do so as well? Will you come?" Yes, we will come. We enter, and silence falls. So this too is part of the Highway! It went through this room; it lingered here for years, if we may speak in a mystic way.

But our friend speaks and in a whisper. He evidently feels as if he were in a cathedral: in a real sense it is sacred ground, the way or scene of his childhood. Listen: he speaks: "Look, that ink spilt upon the floor: the tears—I remember they fell and wetted that desk: the comrade that sat over there, he was continually punished; that other who was always

successful: then there were the kind fellows, and also the bullies: there, too, are the names, some badly cut, some left half carved; there is also the one name that will arrest your attention, of the boy now world-famous. Sit on awhile and muse and let me tell you more. How well I recollect the boy who fell. Crash he came, just before he left school; that other, and my heart is sore still; for he came to grief quite young and passed silently away. Did he recover himself? I never heard. Then the bad beginner who became the pride of the school; and the dozen or more who were plodders and have remained so, and are the backbone of their society: I remember them all. The Master—that is another subject: so wise, so patient, so just, so hardly tried; I now know he was all that, and more. But to return to the schoolfellows: I remember how some who were expelled have so splendidly retrieved themselves. Others fell later in life: it is in my heart to wish it had been an earlier experience, and therefore perhaps more easily recoverable. And some have gone from strength to strength."

He is silent. Give him time. Now speak to him.

"But there is one boy you have not spoken of yet. Have you recognised yourself? Your thoughts have been drifting through all the years from childhood to mature age. Now tell us which of the parables fits your own case, or what combination of them? The prodigal or the elder son? Dives or the young ruler? The foolish virgins or the wise? The stony or thorny

or good ground ? not surely the wayside ? The left hand or the right hand of the Son of Man ? "

The answer comes—" It seems to me that I have been an example of almost all of them."

We come out into the air, shutting the door quietly. There is of course nothing unique in his reflections. They are the common property of almost all of us. Comrades, we all are upon the Highway.

But I beg you to note a fact which does arrest attention. There seems an extraordinary similarity among that group of persons, with their most varied experiences, in respect of the effect of their life's adventure. That surely is a remarkable fact, because it must mean that the exact way in which God educates us is not so important as it may seem to some to be. I mean that the same blessed result is attained, however varied the method, if we will learn. And what is the result ? I think what is aimed at by the Lord of the Highway is the formation of character. If you ask further what is the object of the formation of character, I can only see a short distance. I know that, first, your individual soul and life has to be saved. You yourself are to be made like the Master. I can perceive too that you are made to be a fellow worker with the Master here on earth : and character, for that service, is the essential qualification.

There my own view of the Highway ends. I can only dream of the rest, and they are delightful visions. I sit and wonder what may be our work, or vocation, or whatever you may call it, beyond that horizon of the

earth, for the Highway seems to go on and on. Where, and unto what ? I know I ought not to know. So I sit and wonder ; and my dreams shall be as bright as I can make them.

But the lesson, brim full of comfort for us when we compare experiences of the Highway, is, I repeat, that it seems to matter very little what exact form our life's history takes ; every sort can produce the fullest and noblest Christian character. The adventurous life, the humdrum existence, the invalid experience, all can produce the same result. That is a fact of supreme significance. Many men, perhaps even more, many women, despond because their daily round is so poor an affair as compared with the romantic incidents that fill the years of others. All I can answer is that for that main purpose of life—the formation of character—there is no difference.

Look for yourself and judge. What has been the career of the noblest Christian you know ? Is it a man or a woman ? Is he rich or poor ? Is he healthy or a cripple ? Is he a " nine to five man " in a city, or a soldier or sailor who has been in all the continents ? Is it a servant who has kept the same place for forty years ? or a working man's wife with ten children ? For the formation of a beautiful character it does not seem to signify one whit. The hand of God is in them all. Your own actual position in life, if it is an honourable calling, can, and will, fashion you into a vessel meet for the Lord's use. Be comforted.

And the Divine Companion, how He loves the simple

and humble! He ever walked amongst them. He was always so near to the ignorant, the sinful, and the average men and women. There was only one class for whom He reserved His sternness; the proud, the despisers of others. But those who read these lines in these days are not in the least likely to be proud or despisers of others. They are almost certainly to be counted amongst men and women who look anxiously out as it were, into the night. They fear all sorts of things; lest they should not be able to pay their way; lest they should be bereaved of the breadwinners, or left orphans, or lose their dearest; or the great problems to be solved at home depress them. No: they are not proud. They are more likely to cry, "Lord, save me."

Be comforted. There are angels about your path. Do you doubt it? For example, have you never seen or felt the angel of Baptism? He is a very real personality. Silently he came down from above at that font in that church. I hope you visit the spot sometimes. As the Cross was marked on your forehead he became your servant. You have no idea how many times he drew you gently out of danger and led you past evil spirits mercifully hidden from your sight.

And of course you know that just in those years, most probably when you were so familiar with that classroom, another angel was summoned to come and stand for life on the other side of you, the Angel of Confirmation. You have surely never doubted of his personality? Have you imagined that you left the church

that day the same as you went in? Impossible. If you really thought so, pray that God may open your eyes that you may see. It is such a pity to have lost throughout these years so great a comfort. The Catholic Church has just these gifts from God to bestow and others like them. We are surrounded with helps, and we need them all. Make the most of them, expect great things of them. Your Confirmation was your ordination to the life you are now living, unless there has been something very wilful about your choice, or unless you cannot face God whilst you are at your present work. But where you are working honourably the word "prosaic" ought to be banished from your vocabulary. It is the Way, and you are the wayfarer. It is a way of holiness: you are being trained for unspeakable things in the far future.

Prosaic! Just consider. Who is it who does the most cleaning, mending, dusting, washing? Who is the greatest farmer in the world, feeds the most sheep and cattle, and does the most ploughing and sowing? Who nurses the most sick people and cares for the most cripples day and night, year in and year out? God Almighty. Wonderful thought! And at once a sense of shame oppresses us if we have been inclined to grumble at our lot as compared with that of others. I wonder who they will be who will receive the brightest smile and the warmest salutation—"Well done, good and faithful servant." Certainly there will be great surprises in store, and not merely in one

direction. It may be that the highly favoured one will be a very wealthy and high-placed man or woman, whom many derided as purse-proud, idle, a fit subject for persecution. Yet he or she may be one, born to wealth, who has felt the burden, and has ever been humble, and has trodden the way of holiness, a benefactor to all around. Beside him, or her, and equally worthy of welcome from the King, may be the plain little woman, always considered prosy, generally passed over as little worthy of notice, yet utilised in days of trouble, often left with the children when the parents want a holiday, often neglected when things were not difficult. Of such is the Kingdom of God.

Is it possible, then, that there is a true romance in the life of every wayfarer who humbly walks in the Way? More than possible. It is the plain truth. Lift the veil and view the Highway as God sees it: watch the wayfarers with an understanding heart, and you will never have cause to find life dull; nor will you ever despond. But it is time that we set out upon our journey, and we can always converse upon our way.

A Wayfarer's Prayer

O Lord, our God, teach us, we beseech Thee, to ask Thee aright for the right blessings. Steer Thou the vessel of our life towards Thyself, Thou tranquil haven of all storm-tossed souls. Show us the course wherein we should go. Renew a willing spirit within us. Let Thy Spirit curb our wayward senses, and guide and enable us unto that which is our true good, to keep Thy laws, and in all our works evermore to

rejoice in Thy glorious and gladdening Presence. For Thine is the glory and praise from all Thy saints, for ever and ever. Amen.—*St. Basil*, A.D. 379.

Every Day[1]

We break new seas to-day,
Our eager keels quest unaccustomed waters,
And, from the vast uncharted waste in front,
The mystic circles leap
To greet our prows with mightiest possibilities;
Bringing us—what?
  Dread shoals and shifting banks?
  And calms and storms?
  And clouds and biting gales?
  And wreck and loss?
And, maybe, Death—and so, the Larger Life!

And, maybe, Life—Life on a bounding tide,
And chance of glorious deeds;—
Of help swift-borne to drowning mariners;
Of cheer to ships dismasted in the gale;
Of succours given unasked and joyfully;
Of mighty service to all needy souls.

And, maybe, Golden Days
Full freighted with delight!
  And wide free seas of unimagined bliss,
  And Treasure Isles, and Kingdoms to be won,
  And Undiscovered Countries, and New Kin.

[1] John Oxenham. From *Bees in Amber*.

CHAPTER II

WALKING IN THE WAY

Are you aware that "walking" in reference to religious life is in no sense a familiar figure outside the Revelation of the Bible? So well known is it to us that we might have imagined it was a commonplace among all ancient religions. "The Way" is a common idea, but not the idea of a long journey on a certain road, walking all the time. This has no place in classical writers, Greek or Roman, so they who can speak with authority tell us. It is in the first place a Jewish figure, and most fully so. The word "walking" in its various senses occurs hundreds of times in the Old Testament. Pages in the Concordance are given to it, and referring to all parts of the Old Testament. The term is found again scores of times in St. Paul's and St. John's writings. In the Gospels, however, it is a remarkable fact that the recorded uses by the Master are, with one exception, in the fourth Gospel; indeed those sayings of His are so familiar that we are surprised that they are not found everywhere in the other three. "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness." "If a man walk in the day he stumbleth not." "Walk while ye have the light,"

and others. However, there is one use of the term quoted by St. Luke (xiii. 33, A.V.), "Nevertheless I must walk to-day and to-morrow and the day following." Perhaps the fact that the idea of "walking" specially arrested the mind of St. John will help us to realise what I believe to be true, that he was not only the most transcendental and mystical, but also the most practical and human of the Evangelists.

The *Pilgrim's Progress* has in modern times consecrated afresh this view of the spiritual life. And in an abstract sense "walking" has ever been the Church's ideal: namely, having been regenerated in Holy Baptism, we are called so to foster the germ of eternal life within us "in Christ," that we should ever "continue in one way," turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, with eyes looking right on, walking forward. Moreover the idea presented to us is that it is a long journey, too long to permit perhaps of many excited periods of running and leaping. The most beautiful reason, however, for a consistent life is that it brings no disgrace upon the name we bear and on the Cause of Him Whom we serve.

And yet remember that every life has its special peril: and perhaps the consistent life more than any other is in danger of lukewarmness. But again, that steady, persistent life is not popular with the fanatic. There are few, I imagine, who have not been assaulted by zealous and tactless persons, probably in railway carriages, asking whether we have been converted, or whether it is "peace" with us, or

whether we are saved, or what not. My own custom is courteously to answer that I have been obliged to make it a rule never to discuss religious questions with strangers on a journey; but also if my interrogator will tell me where he lives I will direct him to a competent person. On one occasion this so enraged my inquisitor, that as he left the carriage he whispered to me, "I perceive you are still in the bond of iniquity." Probably all will have heard of the answer of the late Father Benson to the man who whispered to him in the train, "Brother, is it peace?" The late Head of Cowley exclaimed, "No: war!" It may be as well also to relate another story, very common some years ago, in connection with the late Bishop Westcott of Durham. When asked by a stranger whether he was saved, with burning face and deep humility he asked which tense of the verb "to save" the stranger meant to use—the present, the aorist, or the perfect! The Churchman's true answer, if any answer is to be given, would appear to be, "I am in the way (or in a state) of salvation." Or else, as one good man gave it—"Now is my salvation nearer than when I believed."

As a matter of fact it is almost certain that the view we take of the life history of a Christian is coloured by our own spiritual experience. Many for this reason can hardly be brought to believe that any one, regenerated in Baptism, has walked steadily ever since in the way. Their own career has no doubt been one that needed a conversion, perhaps a violent one. Our answer

humbly made, is that regeneration is needed, but conversion ought not to be necessary. Churchmen know well the difference between the two terms.

At the same time we most gladly confess that all kinds of consecrated lives are needed. It would never do if all the streams in our land were torrents cutting their way through gorges, tearing through chasms, albeit revealing precious metals along their rocky ledges, and attracting the attention of all by the roar of the waters. Lives typified by such streams have their recognised place. Yet, I imagine, most of us are likely to prefer the broad river with its deep waters and greater usefulness, as the parable of our own lives. That is, I believe, the natural desire. For example, years ago, when it was my greatest joy in parish life to be teaching in the schools, I often asked questions bearing on this subject, seeking first an unbiassed opinion from boys and girls. I asked which of the two they would prefer to meet and converse with—Samuel or David. And it was remarkable that by some sort of instinct the choice fell usually upon Samuel. Were they led to it by an attraction for the greater simplicity of the character of Samuel?

Wayfarers with a growing knowledge of the world of human life and its needs know that the question is complicated by other problems which press first for settlement. For example, which character is preferable, the one that is simple and straightforward, without special genius but of unstained life and free from most of the temptations which beset others?

or one which is endowed with almost every noble gift ? emotional, a statesman, a poet, a born leader of men, virile, inevitably marked out for high place along with all its multiplied dangers ? Settle that problem first, then choose either Samuel or David. Many will like to hear the opinion of the late Dean Stanley on this fascinating theme. I give it all the more readily because I would fain recommend to all who do not know the book, his *Lectures on the Jewish Church*, especially the first two volumes. There is none I know so brilliant in its delineation of character and none so sympathetic towards the fortunes of men and women on the Highway. The following is part of his appreciation of Samuel, but the whole passage should be read :

" Wild excesses in youth are often followed by energy, by zeal, by devotion. We read it in the examples of Augustine, of Loyola, of John Newton. Sudden conversions of character such as these are amongst the most striking points of ecclesiastical history. But no less certain is it that they are rarely, very rarely, followed by moderation, by calmness, by impartial wisdom. Count the eager partisans of our own or of other times. How often shall we find that their early discipline was one of headstrong and violent passions ! . . . Whatever else is gained by sudden and violent conversions, this is lost. Whatever else, on the other hand, is lost by the absence of experience of evil, by the calm and even life which needs no repentance,

this is gained. The especial work of guiding, moderating, softening, the jarring counsels of men, is for the most part the especial privilege of those who have grown up into matured strength from early beginnings of purity and goodness—of those who can humbly and thankfully look back through middle age, and youth, and childhood, with no sudden rent or breach in their pure and peaceful recollections. Samuel is the chief type, in ecclesiastical history, of holiness of growth, of a new creation without conversion."

I am told that we to-day no longer read the Old Testament. If you are conscious of this omission I beg you to invest in the volumes I have mentioned. But my appeal to a younger generation on this point can be pressed much further. I ask pilgrims on the Highway to whom they owe most for all the deepest lessons of life? To the living or to the dead? It is a most moving question. For my part I give place to no man in my gratitude to God for the inspiration gained from those who have been living examples of godliness, teaching by silent influence as much as by actual precept; and this, during every stage of one's life, a Means of Grace which is as much with one to-day as in past years. Yet if I have to answer the above question I am perplexed. What indeed do we not owe, on the other hand, to the influence of the departed? They are not dead. Thousands of them live for us, they still speak to us out of every century, and from far down the ages, till we have reached the furthest

bounds of history. Somehow they seem all round us. That impression holds us, I suppose, because of their voices which still sound in our ears.

I appeal to childhood's days. The Patriarchs and Kings, the men and women of the Old Testament were, I hope, familiar companions. I should be sorry to hear they are not increasingly so to-day. We use their prayers as still the best utterances with which to approach God in the intensest hours of life. From those Old Testament days, right through the New Testament, from out every age of the Christian era, there come the voices of comrades of the Highway. Is it possible that any of us are neglecting what I can only term one of the great Means of Grace? Do you need encouragement? Here it is to your hand, and to-day it is so cheaply bought. And we gladly confess that some of the very noblest voices are of those who never knew Christ but were, unconsciously, true "Seekers after God." Yes, it is difficult to exaggerate the help to those who now walk upon the Highway to be received from the voices of the past. It makes life a Great Communion of Saints, a comradeship of wayfaring men and women, a noble fellowship. It is a grateful task to lift up our hands and bless the living for their help in our pilgrimage to God, and at the same time to thank the blessed dead.

Perhaps it may at this point occur to some to ask whether the impress upon us of past centuries of human life may not be of a double nature, that is, for

evil as well as for good ? The answer, I think, is not doubtful. Time, without question, is a purifying agent. There is a common sense in man which on the whole makes him throw on the rubbish heap that which is offensive in literature. Some works of evil genius of course survive, but they are isolated examples and bear no comparison to the bulk of good literature which is our heritage from the past.

But perhaps I have hardly yet set down the greatest boon the past has to give us. If you are perplexed by voices round you questioning your most cherished beliefs, fogging issues which up to the present you accounted transparently clear, listen again to the lessons of the past. There is no cordial like a draught of history for many a perplexity. You turn to your books and are comforted to discover that your own doubts have presented themselves to others like yourself in almost every generation for 2000 or perhaps for 4000 years. You learn that we are only being tested as the mass of the thoughtful have ever been tested, and that it is excellent discipline. Are there indeed any new perplexities in regard to faith and conduct ? I think not. They may be presented to each successive generation possibly at a slightly different angle. But the central perplexities remain as discipline. The book of Job gives some of the greatest. If you are a pessimist the book of Ecclesiastes will have put into language much that you have felt, and always the New Testament and the Church of God give the answers which will satisfy the deepest needs.

The helps at our command are immense, but remember again that we are still pilgrims; the way is long, and night comes as well as day: the Divine Companion is close by, but He hides Himself in order that we may learn to walk not merely as children but as men and women. Intellect, heart, conscience, all have to be tested, by exercise, by meeting difficulties and by overcoming them. Take courage. Parts of a vast multitude, we are bound together by closest ties, by gifts from God common to all, by our own individual union with Christ, by records of the brethren in the past, and by companionship of the faithful in the present. Soldiers of Christ will rejoice that battles have to be fought when we have so many forces and friends, human and Divine, arrayed upon our own side.

So once more our life throughout its course is very like that of our old preparatory school. But more than that: we look back tenderly over all the past centuries of which we know anything and ask whether indeed each succeeding generation starts in any sense in advance of the preceding one. We should like to think that we do. Looked at in the mass mankind must be stepping up a ladder. But when we come to the individual we wonder whether we do more than begin, in the deepest things, just where our fathers and our grandfathers began. Upon the whole I believe that in individual and spiritual life each generation really begins at the same point and ends at the same point. There does not seem to be a

great deal, in the things of the spirit, which is learnt by precept. Most of our lessons of this sort are taught us by experience. We all seem to begin with the old spelling book, then follow the "Readers" of the Standards in the Elementary School: we use the same slates and arithmetic books of our forbears, the same essentially though the editors may give them a new name.

How does this view affect you? To me it appeals as a truth full of tender meaning. Pride once more receives a fall. "We are not better than our fathers." Quite so. But why should we be? We ought to be thankful we are as good. We are all children. The world is our nursery. We are fortunate if we get in this world as far as the Secondary School. Or if you like to put it so, we traverse the same road, the same bit of it: it is beaten hard with the feet of all the generations: and the patient Master and Friend and Saviour teaches us all the same lessons of discipleship, marvelling at our unbelief, watching our waywardness as we diverge from the Highway at the slightest provocation.

But behind all this there lies the belief that the Highway will carry us into a region, or a life, where we may be no longer children. This world and its education is a School for God's children. Must there not be a larger life for God's men and women? All that is within us answers "yes." Revelation re-echoes it. Every instinct thrills to the feeling of certainty that the Highway will at length carry the Wayfarers into

that which we call "life eternal." It is too great to be understood as yet. We wait: and humbly we walk in the Way.

And this brings me to another truth full of encouragement. I can only indicate what is set forth with force by Bishop Walpole in his book entitled *The Kingdom of God.*[1] Man is not left alone in the Highway. His aids do not come from fellow mortals only, whether living or still with us by their influence, although departed. There are—and who can doubt it?—whole armies, unseen but real, a mighty Kingdom, the sum of the forces used by God for the salvation of the world. The Book of Revelation draws aside the veil and permits a glimpse of armies angelic: we fancy too there must be forces behind these again, all ceaselessly at work for God and His purposes. "The Kingdom of God" means all this host. The Church on earth composed of human beings has of course its own part to play, a part quite unique. Through the Incarnation and the Passion and the Resurrection, we are the Members of Christ, His feet and hands and body, to finish, in a sense, His work ere He comes. But the Church on earth is not alone. The individual wayfarer may at times feel lonely, isolated, surrounded by dangers which to him seem greater than he, unaided, can overpass. Our prayer of course for him then is just that of Elisha for his servant, "Lord, open his eyes that he may see." And this book will have done its work if it can bring encouragement to

[1] Published by Elliot Stock, *2s. 6d.*

some such pilgrims in the Way. May God open their eyes and show them host after host arrayed upon their side—the past of their own race and the knowledge of their sympathy, the armies of angels and possibly other beings, all with one intent, all with one trust. So joy comes to us, and we whisper, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." Thou art with me, and Thy people, and Thine other armies visible and invisible. Let us bless the Lord and go forward. The wayfaring men though fools shall not err.

Hedge Thou up my way with thorns,
That I find not the path
to follow after vanity:
Hold Thou my mouth with bit and bridle,
who come not nigh Thee:
O Lord, compel me to come in unto Thee.

O Lord, sail with the voyagers,
travel with the wayfarers,
champion widows,
shield orphans,
deliver captives,
heal the sick.
And them that we have not remembered by reason of
ignorance or forgetfulness or multitude of names,
Thyself remember, O God, which knowest the age
and appellation of each,
which knowest every man from his mother's womb.

For Thou, O Lord, art the succour of the succourless,
and the hope of them that are past hope,

the saviour of the tempest tossed,
the harbour of the voyagers,
the physician of the sick:
Thyself become all things to all men,
which knowest each one his petitions,
each house and its need.[1]

The Day of Baptism [2]

This will we name thy better birthday, child,
Oh born already to a sin-worn world,
But now unto a kingdom undefiled,
Where over thee love's banner is unfurled.

Lo! on the morning of this holy day
I lay aside the weight of human fears,
Which I had for thee, and without dismay
Look through the avenue of coming years.

I see thee passing without mortal harm
Through ranks of foes against thy safety met;
I see thee passing, thy defence and charm,
The seal of God upon thy forehead set.

From this time forth thou often shalt hear say
Of what immortal City thou wert given
The rights and full immunities to-day,
And of the hope laid up for thee in heaven!

[1] From *Bishop Andrewes' Devotions.*
[2] Archbishop Trench. By leave of Messrs. Routledge.

CHAPTER III

THE EVER-PRESENT FRIEND

Wayfarer and disciple, come, sit awhile before a picture of the Master. It matters not much whether it be a rude drawing or the outcome of the highest skill. One proviso, however. Let it be drawn by a worshipper, a holy man who paints upon his knees. Will you be surprised if I say I seem to care less as I grow older about the necessity for realistic attempt in dress or national feature? All that effort may be legitimate; or, again, let it be the face and figure and dress of the worker's own race—Italian, English, Russian, Arab, Hindu, Chinese. I do not forget the Russian proverb: "The face of Christ is all men's faces." Secure me the proviso I have made, and I am content, for the portrait will help. Do you ask whether we are satisfied with any delineation? No, with none. It is not in man to place on canvas, or depict in marble, what the Lord is to us. He is not only the Son of Man by the lake side, but always, also, God intertwined with perfect humanity, transfigured, risen, ascended, "God of God." The holy man with the artist's gift may help if he has worked upon his knees; none, however, will ever in a full sense satisfy us except it may be the Lord in His infancy. The late Dean Stanley once told me that he thought the Babe

by Raphael, in the arms of the Madonna di San Sisto afforded him the nearest approach to satisfaction, because it suggested so much. In my own case the statue by Thorwaldsen, in attitude and by its graciousness, brings peace. It is not the face, however, which can satisfy: that must be for a man's dreams alone. But we must pass on. The Way lies before us. Let us follow Him who *is* the Way.

You will note, however, that I have not ventured on this deepest aspect of the Being and Work of the Master. For that you must turn to a book by Dr. Hort, entitled *The Way, the Truth, and the Life*.[1] It is not an easy book but it is worth its weight in gold. Christ *is* the Way. Yes, and He *is* the Truth and the Life. My subject will be simpler but equally legitimate. "Lo, I am with you alway." "I have called you friends." There is my subject: our Friend and Companion all the way.

I begin by taking for granted that you know your *Pilgrim's Progress*. If not, I beg you to read it before you study this chapter. You may, if you like, pass over the sermons in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, but the story from beginning to end is wonderful: its language is so perfect that it has been the despair of those who write. Millions, moreover, have owed their salvation to it, and I ought to confess that it has left an indelible mark on myself. It is one of the great books. Read both parts of it, and of course your children must be introduced to it.

[1] Macmillan.

I have said all this because it is necessary for me to be whole-heartedly generous to so great a book before I take the next step: otherwise it would seem as if I depreciated it. Far from that: within its own lines, as an allegory written by a godly Puritan and of the most intense Christian faith, it fulfils its purpose. But I want to show you in turn how much larger, more spacious, more full of comfort and encouragement the Catholic Faith is; and of course we all long for the day when some one will arise with genius sufficient to give us another allegory fully satisfying to Churchmen. Who knows? perhaps out of these days of convulsion some spiritual genius may be thrown up for the purpose. If so, it will probably be a man of the people: I hope it, at least.

I beg you now to note that there is no corporate life in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and there is no reason why there should not be. It is not the inner history of the soul of Christian that is told: it is not like St. Augustine's *Confessions* in the least, but the story of a man who walks among his fellow-men and meets scores of them, and knows their names (and how inimitable are the names!). He converses with most of them, but they seem to be next to nothing to him. The world is a wilderness, and Christian is bent on saving his own soul. He seems to meet people as we are accustomed to meet them in a railway carriage upon a journey. They know their own business, and we know ours. They come and go as they will, but it is no concern of ours. Every one is supposed to be a sepa-

rate unit. Poor Christian in the allegory even runs away from his wife and family, and apparently never gives them another thought, so bent is he on escaping from the wrath to come. We wish indeed that we could trace any deep yearning in Christian's heart to save others. If they will not follow with him, the fact hardly seems to distress him. Put beside that attitude the words of Moses, "Yet now, if Thou wilt forgive their sin . . . and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book which Thou hast written" (Ex. xxxii. 32), and again of St. Paul, "Brethren, my heart's desire and my supplication to God is for them, that they may be saved."

No, there is no family or corporate life there. Years ago, indeed, I remember a very godly man saying to me, when the subject of "the larger hope" came up, that it was none of his business what happened to wife or children or friends after death. All had to fend for themselves and go their own way: there was nothing in the least shocking to him in his attitude.

In the next place, therefore and of course, there is no Church on earth in that famous book. This, indeed, is not an uncommon view, in some degree, among many who are, according to their own convictions, most devoted followers of Christ. To us Churchmen it is on the other hand a remarkable fact, and all the more so when we remember that a great deal of the noblest work of evangelisation of the world is being done by those to whom the Church is, in a sense, an extra. It is not unfair, I think, to assert

that for them the great and overwhelmingly important Means of Grace are two in number, namely, prayer and preaching. Nor is there any doubt that they are mighty Means of Grace. We could none of us do without them: by preaching they would mean, and so should we, the prophetic office in all its forms. The disappointment for us consists not in enormously valuing prayer and preaching, but in the putting in the background the corporate Means of Grace, the foremost and the chief of them being the Sacraments which the Lord Himself ordained. Christian in his journey knows nothing of these. He was, I suppose, many weeks on his journey, but he never partook of the Lord's Supper, not even in the Palace Beautiful. And he was never baptized, for I do not think the wicket gate can be supposed by any stretch of imagination to be Baptism. The burden rolled away at the foot of the Cross but he was never "baptized for the remission of sins." Surely it would have given Christian much comfort if he had been. Nor is there any reason in the structure of the allegory why one of "the shining ones" should not have done just that which Christ Himself commanded for our eternal profit. It also follows, of course, that since there was no Baptism there was also no completion of Baptism by the reception of the Holy Spirit in the laying on of hands by some one commissioned for the purpose. All through this chapter the refrain therefore is, How much more comfort "Christian" might have received than ever he did!

So again it comes about that Christian never felt himself to be a member of a Body—of the Body of Christ, whilst here on earth. He was to the end a solitary unit. One cannot help asking, indeed, whether even if Faithful or Hopeful had left him he would have been sorry for more than half an hour, after which he would have run on again longing to save his own soul. But I have always felt that the greatest lack in the book, wonderful and great as it must be called, is the fact that Christian never meets our Lord, not till after he had crossed the river. The world to him was indeed a wilderness, and we are made to feel that somehow the Redeemer had not really died for all those people in the City of Destruction, but only for those who had passed the wicket gate and had come to the Cross. There clearly revealed is the sombre hand of the Calvinist. In the story they were doomed to run to Christ, and the Lord did not come to them. It would have been easy, too, in such a story for Christian to have met the Saviour daily, to have felt His Presence all the while, and to have been fed by Him. But no : we get the feeling that one day Christ the Lord would at length be met, at the end of a long and difficult road.

I think this lack is all the more astonishing when we remember that almost the central point of the story consists in the vivid account of the terrible battle between the Devil and Christian. The pilgrim was all alone at the time. No angel was there to cheer him. He met the Devil face to face,

but he never met Christ his Saviour face to face till after death.

I hope and pray and believe that it is just the contrary with us. With our brighter Catholic Faith we can surely say that we have indeed met Christ face to face. How, we cannot explain; but it is fact in our experience that in the hour of greatest peril we met our Master and Friend. It was He then who Himself saved us. More than that: we are inclined to say that no one else, no angel, would have sufficed. Only He; and He did come.

There are other points on which I could comment, but in these, I think, Bunyan is lacking in company with others of a very different type who have enormously helped the world by their writings. For example, there is not much joy in the *Pilgrim's Progress:* and no wonder, for Christian is fleeing: a mighty dread urges him forward, and the arbours and resting-places are few and far between. But then we can make the same criticism of the *Imitatio.* There is little gratitude or praise in it. And as a rule this is the general fault in most books of devotion. The greatest outstanding exception is *The Devotions of Bishop Andrewes.* That wonderful book! I am constrained to call it the greatest contribution of the Anglican Church to the devotional life of Christendom. In language, for penitence, intercession, praise, it climbs all the heights and plumbs all the depths. It is the most Scriptural book of devotion ever written. Of course, also, Christian does not yearn to evangelise the world, but then no

more does the saintly monk who gave us the *Imitatio*. I hope I have now helped you to realise something of the spaciousness and glory of the Catholic Faith, so rich, so full, so abounding in comfort and encouragement.

But what I do rejoice to find in the *Pilgrim's Progress* is the sense, the awful sense, of sin and of the horror of evil, and the realisation of its soul-destroying power. There is nothing we need more to-day. Therefore read and thank God for the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

I feel I must not close this chapter without drawing near to some of the awful truths, truths which bring us to the Passion and the Cross. Our Friend upon the Highway has scarred hands and feet. Has it indeed ever occurred to you to ask, "When He did all for us, why is the way so long and tiring and dangerous still, for us?"

I will try to give an answer. And for that purpose just recall one portion of the wondrous story. I promised that the way should bring us near to Immanuel's Land. Draw near then and look. We have ascended the mount where Moses stood. Having reached the summit, let us fall low on our knees, and raise our eyes. There below us lies, stretched out on the far horizon beyond the River, and the Sea which contains no living thing, what we lovingly name Immanuel's Land. Look, there He was baptized. On this side the River (was it?) He met the tempter. Northward is the hill where Moses did in due time meet Him when He was transfigured. Just on the horizon, but out of sight, are the

City and the Garden. Our eyes wax dim with emotion. Ay, there are in a deep sense in all the world but one city, one lake, one garden, one Calvary. There in that land was worked out by "the last Adam" our Redemption. Ponder the fact: try to grasp it as one whole. Let us re-create one scene of His earthly life. He comes to Jordan at length, the Virgin-born, to the Baptist: baptized not only by human hands but with the Holy Ghost. Somewhere below us, as we gaze from our Pisgah, He departs into the Wilderness, led by the Spirit, to meet the tempter. Strength and vision are now His, to do what? Just to choose the Way of Redemption. For there is a choice to be made. There are two ways; and angels and all the powers of heaven and hell are upon the watch. It is, of course, a Satanic temptation of awful fascination, for so He Himself has given us to understand in the record He alone could have given. No man watched Him choose.

To me it seems that the choice lay between a short way and a long, long road; and He chose the long, long road because Satan beckoned Him to the short way. And, having chosen, angels were called to minister to Him in His exhaustion. As I read the history of that choice, it seems to me to say that the anguish of that choosing was greater than when, in the Garden, sweat as drops of blood rolled from off His face. I know nothing, but it seems to me that to choose of free will the way of Redemption, as we know it to be for ourselves, was for Him a battle as

great, perchance greater, than that of which we read in the Garden of Gethsemane.

This is how I have imagined it to have been. The Tempter speaks: "Thou comest to save the world, Son of God, One with the Father, in the power of the Holy Ghost. Thou hast at Thy behest a thousand legions of angels and unseen powers. Call them down: bid them sweep over the earth: scatter, destroy, abolish all evil at one stroke; let sin become a term without meaning to all future generations, banished from the speech of man; no more wilful disobedience, no more pain, sorrow, sin—no more hopeless bereavement, strife, degradation. Take the short road to redeem the world, by one word: only add that it was by advice of the tempter."

And the alternative? The Lord, our Master, Friend and Saviour, with clear vision, doing the Father's Will, having no Will but the Father's, looked along the long, long road, and chose it.

And choosing, the Tempter further unfolded what it meant. I can but put into feeble words what the devil seems to say. "Dost Thou refuse the aid of legions of angels and other spiritual powers, throwing them at least into the background? And dost Thou choose for Thy first army men and women, so feeble, so wayward and inconstant and dull of sight and hearing as Thou knowest them to be? Is this Thy plan? Mere children in spiritual things, dost Thou choose them? Short-lived, they will die just when they have learnt some fragment of the life eternal, and Thou must

begin again with every generation. Art Thou willing to permit the reign of the evil one for unnumbered years? Thou sayest Thou hast conquered him, but he hath strength to cover the earth with such evils that groans and wailings from every land will rise to the ears of God 'Who so loved the world.' Wilt Thou have millions to grope in darkness and twilight who will pass away without ever hearing Thy name or learning of Thy life? With these weak forces of such men and women as those Whom Thou art about to call, races will be wiped out by the strong, or become slaves given to torture and death, decimated by vice and disease. Takest Thou such a road as that? Thine own people too, called by Thy name, they will be perchance the greatest scandal of all, bringing shame and confusion of face to Thy cause, quarrelling among themselves, their armies destroying each other's lands and burning down the houses wherein Thy name is named. Centuries will pass, if Thou takest that road, when Thy cause will seem to go back, when men made in the image of God will deny that there is a God and call Thee a myth. Art Thou content? Is it thus that Thou callest Thyself the Redeemer of the world and the vanquisher of the devil? Hast Thou a heart? Dost Thou love Thine own creation? Choose the short road. Make an end of sin, now, to-day."

And Jesus, in the power of the Holy Ghost, and knowing all things sufficiently for His way, chose the long, long road—chose it for Himself and for His people and for the world He came to redeem, a blood-

stained, sorrow-laden road, yet the path chosen by the Father to lead up to Him, the only road to Him marked and glorified by the life of Him Whom to follow and to know is eternal life, the road where dwell both joy and peace and on which light falls from on high.

Ah me! that choice. Let us bow our heads, blessing Him who chose as He cried also, "Get thee hence, Satan." There is no other road possible for us but the chosen way of redemption, the long, long road of mankind on its return to God chosen by the Redeemer and on which He has led the way.

Having chosen, the Lord returned to walk through the land, training the twelve and working those miracles which are all parables of what He came to accomplish in the world.

I have tried, you see, to re-create one scene of the Master's life, and the object will be plain, namely, to explain the Highway to us, especially to you and me, its length, its fatigues and its battles.

The secret is that though the Way has been won, man must of his own free will walk it. Christ will not force us to follow Him. It is voluntary service. The Way is there, the Holy Ghost is with us, angels and all heavenly powers are upon the watch, whether we will choose God and His Will or not. Is it possible, then, that our salvation depends upon ourselves? Yes, that is the plain truth. There before the door He waits, He Who has come to knock, and asks to be admitted that He may come in and sup with us and we with Him. But He will not (shall we say,

cannot ?) lift the latch. We must do that from within. So also upon the Highway He meets us when perhaps we are forlorn : our hope is almost dead for we have had so many falls and our strength is spent : He says, "Follow Me" : but the choice to follow still rests with us.

I finish this chapter with a question which may sound strange till you read the poem I have affixed—What will bring Christ to us most readily ? Failure.

FAILURE [1]

Oh, long and dark the stairs I trod,
With stumbling feet to find my God :

Gaining a foothold bit by bit,
Then slipping back and losing it :

Never progressing, striving still,
With weakening grasp and fainting will,

Bleeding to climb to God : while He
Serenely smiled, unnoting me.

Then came a certain time when I
Loosened my hold and fell thereby.

Down to the lowest step my fall,
As if I had not climbed at all.

And while I lay despairing there,
I heard a footfall on the stair,

In the same path where I, dismayed,
Faltered and fell and lay afraid.

And lo ! when hope had ceased to be,
My God came down the stairs to me.

[1] Theodosia Garrison. By courtesy of *The Smart Set* magazine.

Let our own experience speak. The Way somehow becomes easier when all the pride is gone out of us. The publican walks peacefully where the Pharisee stumbles and at length comes to a precipice. We are humble folk, therefore we are not dismayed. Comrade, do you note at intervals all along the Way those Sanctuaries set apart for worship? They are better than arbours. Within them everything speaks of the Lord God: architecture, symbolic emblems, font, and altar. Did you not see many wayfarers going in and coming out? Let us enter and pray. It is just midday: no better time for us who know something of the burden and heat of the day.

Blessed Saviour, who at this hour didst hang upon the Cross, stretching forth Thy loving arms; Grant that all mankind may look unto Thee and be saved, through Thy mercies and merits; Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost ever one God, world without end. Amen.

Father of Mercies, who to Thine Apostle St. Peter didst reveal in threefold vision Thy boundless compassion; Forgive, we pray Thee, our unbelief, and so enlarge our hearts and enkindle our zeal that we may fervently desire the salvation of all men, and with more ready diligence labour in the extension of Thy Kingdom; for His sake Who gave Himself for the life of the world, Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

CHAPTER IV

FAITH

It is full time now to speak of some of the mystic companions in the Way. They are of course more than companions, for they become part of us; and they are absolutely indispensable, true gifts of God without which we could not fare through. I present them, however, as personalities since for my present purpose we may thus more easily gaze at each in turn, converse with them if need be, and be cheered for the journey.

Faith, Hope, Love. They are given to us, a band of graces, endowments, gifts, whatever you may choose to call them, all necessary; nor should they be divided. Let us call them inseparable Sisters. So united are they that I believe if you banished one of them the others would sicken and die. It is only for convenience sake that we handle them separately; whilst we converse with one we know the others are present.

Address yourself first to one who at present seems to court attention most, to Faith. Ask her whether she is the companion of every human being. "Yes," she answers, "of every one of the human race. I am told to desert none. Millions do not know my name but all accept my help." We cannot doubt that she speaks

the truth. All the world trusts to the coming of day and night, of the seasons and the crops, and to the general qualities of our fellow creatures in our intercourse with one another. All that is faith. But ask again. "Is such faith all we get from you?" "No: No:" she cries, "my gift is far, far greater than that. I come from God: my chief work is to help you to believe in God." Again she is right, and so much so that we Christians, when we use the word Faith, unconsciously mean faith in God, though of course we use the term from time to time in all its varied meanings, such as faith in one another and in the uniformity of nature.

We of course who are upon the Highway, moving upon our road to the home prepared above, will remember that we shall use the word Faith as Faith in God.

Now let us converse; presently we will again ask her questions.

Our Faith rests on a Revelation from above. God has spoken to us, and we have heard His voice and have been assured that it is the voice of God Himself. That is a tremendous claim! Yes, indeed; none greater: so great that in every age, and as much to-day as ever, we meet men, noble and earnest men, seekers after truth, who say that it cannot be true. We answer that it is true. Then they ask us to prove it. We turn to Faith as she stands there in the way. Ask her—"How can we prove that God has spoken to us through you?" She looks grave but confident: then she answers—"You cannot weigh

me in the scales and thus make sure that I am a real person. You cannot see me by using a microscope or a telescope. If you put out your hand you will feel nothing. But there are far better proofs than those. You can prove that I come from God just as you believe in honour, in patriotism, in love of wife and children. I am above proof, if you like, but I am more certain to your heart and life because I am seen by better eyes than your bodily eyes. Your soul and spirit have eyes too. That is how you see me and accept my message from God." I think she is right. But supposing someone says—"I don't see Faith." Then there is nothing more to be done except to bless God that He has given those inner and better eyes to ourselves to discern the things that are eternal.

Of course we are now face to face with a deeply interesting question which I will put in this way: Are there any who cannot see God? Any who are apparently incapable of Faith in the sense in which we use the word? The late Dr. Salmon pointed out a fact which throws light on the subject.[1] He showed that there was a whole world of beauty and joy, a real world, into which an appreciable number never enter—the world of music. For most it is a language with its own stories and visions, its heights and depths, its joy and sorrow, its pain and its happiness, a heaven into which we enter and there hear what we cannot afterwards reveal to others. It is a fact, also, that to some this unseen life has no existence. Is that a

[1] *Cathedral and other Sermons* (Murray).

natural defect ? or is it more often caused by deliberate atrophy of a power within us, or by a bad education ? It is a mysterious subject and one on which many have commented. For example, Thoreau says somewhere : " If a man does not keep step with his companions, it may be that he hears a different drummer." There seems to be no proof that we can give of our faith in God, and in the spiritual life as a reality, to those to whom it appears an imaginary structure, a castle in the air, born of sentiment and imagination. Then we ask whether the things of most value can ever be proved. Watts, our great mystical painter, writes : " All that is most real and best in our lives is that which has no material existence—sentiment, love, honour, patriotism." He almost echoes the words of Thoreau above, when he himself says in his letters, " The great masters hear the inaudible words of the earth." And, as may be imagined, George MacDonald almost exults over this inability of proof : " I don't think you can prove anything that is worth being anxious about." " To believe and to be able to prove have little or nothing to do with each other. To prove with your brains the thing that you love would be to deck the garments of salvation with a fringe."

Yes, just as there are people deaf to the world of music, just as others are colour blind, so it may be that some cannot yet see God. And all the time there is nothing many of them would more gladly do. " Oh, that I might see God," say some. " I should desire

nothing more. Life would be so easy." And Faith stands and looks at him with such tender and pitiful eyes. There she stands and they cannot see her. But some day He Who said He came to make the deaf to hear and the blind to see, He, in His own good time, whether in this life or the next, will open those eyes and unstop those ears.

Sometimes it is no inherent incapacity but a bad education which destroys faith. In that case He Who judges with perfect justice will know where the blame should lie.

But, again, some races find it harder to believe in God and in a Revelation from Him to man, than others: that is, to each race God has given gifts, not to all in the same measure. It is as though He scattered all the gifts and graces over the world in handfuls. So some have the capacity for faith in the unseen far more than others. And it is a still stranger fact that climate seems to have such an extraordinary effect on man's capacity to see God. You may well wonder whether such a statement is not a sign of madness in one who makes it. But it is not madness nor imbecility. It seems to be a fact that the nearer the home of your race is to the Equator the easier it is for your race to see the unseen: and the further from the Equator the harder it becomes. In other words, no tropical races have any difficulty in believing in God. We, on the other hand, who live in temperate climes are proverbial for our slowness in our realisation of the Presence of God. I have heard of no race indeed that lives in

the tropics, whether civilised or uncivilised, that does not look upon the continued presence of an unseen world as a fact beyond argument. The feeling engendered may be one of fear, but the belief is there. But as we leave the Equator we find ourselves among peoples who specially pride themselves upon being practical. With no claim to dream they say, "We live in the world that we can see with our eyes, and that is enough for us. We know what our duty is to one another and we mean to do it. As to the unseen, as to God and the Revelation from Him to man of which you speak, it may be true, but we cannot profess to be certain about such matters." And Faith looks on, tender and pitiful. She knows how hard it is for some races to see her, and she bides her time.

Since I have touched upon this mysterious subject I had better state the other side of it, lest any one of the British race should believe it necessary to deplore the fact that he was not born a member of a tropical race. There are, of course, corresponding dangers attached to the above characteristics. The tropics have not only their gift but their faults, for which we can offer the remedy.

For example, the tropical man believes in the unseen, in God, without effort. As it were, he cannot help it. But strange to say, it is the man who finds faith in God so easy who also is in most danger of placing a gap between his religion and his conduct. I mean that for such a man to believe in God does not imply that he feels himself necessarily bound to be a

moral man. That inference is another matter. He pays his dues to the unseen; having done so he is free to do as he desires. Of course this is a wide generalisation, but as such it has a large element of truth.

Now turn to temperate climes. There you find thousands who say, "My chief difficulty is to have faith in the unseen, in God. How can you prove to me that God exists, or that if He exists He has really made Himself known to man?" But it is also true that when such men come to see God, then the question of conduct is for them completely settled. When once they believe, there is no gap between their religion and their conduct. It is all very wonderful, and the conclusion of the matter is just this, that all the races of the world need each other to make up one another's deficiencies. The tropical man says to us, "I can easily believe in God, come and help me to make my religion and my conduct one complete thing." The temperate clime man says, "I should find no difficulty about obeying God's commands if only I could first see God and believe that He is. Come and help me to see God, I ask no more."

But Faith has been waiting patiently beside us and is ready to answer further questions.

Ask her—"Have you any other names?" She answers, "Yes, I have sometimes been called Trust. I like both names." We reply, "But are you not often called Hope?" Faith smiles and calls her sister to her side. "We are twins," says Faith. "Do not you think we are very much alike?" We gaze at them standing

side by side and we confess it is very difficult to distinguish them. As a matter of fact it is well known that mankind has always been puzzled to decide that question, and it gives zest to our study of the two sisters. At present it must suffice to remind ourselves that the two twin sisters, Faith and Hope, both "abide." But I want to discuss that first name given by Faith as an alternative, namely Trust. If you will remember that "Trust" and "Faith" refer to the same spiritual endowment then I will indicate what may have some element of truth in it. In our English Bibles and in the Old Testament the word "Faith" is not common. The adjective "Faithful" is often found. On the other hand, "Trust" is there in scores of places. Now, it is too much to say that Faith is called "Trust" in the Old Testament, and that she wholly gains her best-known name in the New Testament, but there is sufficient truth in it to enable me to let my fancy play round the subject.

It seems as though in the dimmer days when God was revealing Himself "in divers manners" through prophets and teachers, the reaching out of man towards God was called "Trust," and there could hardly be a more beautiful word. And as the centuries passed, "Trust" seems to be like a beautiful herald with a bugle, leading the children of Israel out of bondage, through the wilderness, across the Jordan, to the Promised Land. But the Messiah had not yet come. So Trust carried the people onward through "the days when the Judges ruled," and when Kings came, and

when troubles thickened, and the chosen people learnt what banishment and exile meant, till back they came once more to their own land. And all the while "Trust's" bugle sounded louder and louder and the thrill grew more intense in the hearts of those who listened best. Then at length *the Day came*—the Day of Days. He came for Whom the ages had waited. Then it was, at Bethlehem of Judah, that the herald changed her name, and "Trust" became "Faith," and has been known as Faith ever since. "Trust in God," yes: but *Faith* "in God *in Christ*." Perhaps you may call this fanciful. It may be to a large extent, but it seems as if it is a grateful thing to have to a certain degree a new name for our "belief in Christ." Students of Bishop Westcott's writings do not need to be told that he ever emphasized the difference between "believing" and "believing in," making the second phrase to hold for us an intenser, more personal significance, faith in One Who, as Incarnate, receives from us a service so deep, so personal, so intimate and full, that it is life eternal. Something in the same way I hope we may believe that as we progress along the Highway, we wayfarers come to possess a sense of trust which "in Christ" we call "Faith."

But let us call Sister Faith up and ask her to answer the following question—"Is it easier to believe in your message in these days, or harder, as compared with the first ages of the Church?" Confidently she answers, "It ought to be easier to believe to-day."

My own heart assents to that. What say you ? I will set down my own conviction.

Every succeeding age ought to be a better age for Faith. These last days of ours—for it is the oldest Christian age—ought to be the best days of Faith. Why ? because our experience is fuller : the miracles of Grace are more numerous for us than for any previous age, for they have been multiplying throughout each century and are now recorded from every land and in every tongue : the continuous miracle of the Church's life in spite of sin is more and more an outstanding fact. Yes, these are the ages of Faith : let us not look back. It may even be—I trust I may be forgiven if I am in error—that it is less difficult to have faith in Christ to-day than if we had met Him Himself by the lake shore. This at least we may remember, that we possess the records of the Lord and the testimonies to Him of millions of His people throughout two thousand years. It were strange if we ourselves did not recognise the power of the Holy Ghost better than Christians of any previous age.

At the same time I am struck by the fact that the levels to which Faith can lift itself cannot be raised higher than they have been by many in every age. All we can do is to sustain those levels. Just so the young recruit on joining any famous British regiment is informed, or is made to feel, that he can never hope to surpass the heroism that has become the tradition of the family of which he has just been made a member. It is the same with the men and women of Faith.

Devotion can go no further than it has already gone. It has been complete in some men and women. All we can hope to do in each successive age is to multiply the numbers of those who see and believe and live the life. Can we in our generation walk in the Highway as nobly as those that have gone before us ? Can we sustain the traditions handed on to us ? Or shall we (and it is a dreadful thought), shall we lower that tradition by our lives ? God forbid ! But also it is the very fear that possesses us that is our safeguard. It is not those, I hope at least, who are often obsessed with the fear that they may yet bring disgrace upon the name of Christ by a fall, who are in most danger of falling.

Ask Faith again—" Can you make us so intimate with our Lord that He may become dearer to us than any earthly friend or relative ? " " Yes, yes," answers Faith : " indeed, indeed I can. It is the purpose for which I am sent."

There is no doubt she is right. Thousands have proved it. They cannot indeed explain themselves to the incredulous, but nothing is more certain. Our incarnate Lord, our Saviour, Friend, and Redeemer, can be better known to us, and more united to us, than is possible in any earthly tie : so great, so wonderful, is the power of this endowment and gift which we call Faith.

A friend—I hope he will excuse me for telling it if these lines meet his eye—was travelling once in a third-class railway carriage in a suburban train. He was no longer young, and he was sitting with a number of workmen who began to speak against the Lord our

Saviour, and probably were using blasphemous words. My friend at length rose from his seat, his face blazing with feeling, and said, "Gentlemen, you have been saying dreadful things about Jesus Christ. I want to tell you that you have been reviling the dearest Friend I possess on earth." The protest carried conviction. They apologised and were silent. Nothing short of this intensity should in time be the common possession of all who have come to live the life of faith in Christ.

And there is a further effect which this intimacy produces. It makes the Christian a serious man. He cannot joke about heaven and hell, death and judgment. Could we indeed conceive Moses joking of the vision of God upon the Mount (I apologise for suggesting it)? or St. Paul ever treating lightly his meeting with the Saviour outside Damascus? or the rescued demoniac laughing over the healing of his soul and body? We have learnt in these days how grave men have become after experience in the front trenches under days of shell fire and poisonous gas. "We have been in hell," they tell us, and we understand. It were well if those who have accepted as true the great Christian verities, and have claimed to have been the objects of a great salvation, could prove it by intense seriousness when these subjects are handled in society. Have we ever caricatured the words of Christ in order to raise a smile? Have we joined in the laughter raised by those for whom there is nothing sacred in the words and facts which have become for us of awful significance? No one can

doubt that one of the reforms Christian people can effect in these great times is the determination to warn off laughter from certain subjects which deserve a reverence more intense than we have exhibited of late. Silence and gravity are at times the best of rebukes. No one would misunderstand if, when reproached for being ungracious or too sanctimonious or lacking in a sense of humour, we were to answer, "Sir, we have had a vision of hell and also of heaven. We have been pulled out of a pit by Divine Grace, and have also heard unspeakable words from One Who is our Creator, Saviour, and Judge. We cannot but be grave on all such subjects."

Now ask Faith another question. "Have you heard of one named Presumption? Have you ever been called by that name?" She looks grave and answers, "My name is not Presumption." Let us consider. Wherein lies the distinction between faith and presumption? Can faith presume? Undoubtedly, but the problem is difficult when you pass judgment on specific cases, yet it is the actual examples taken from life which form a mysterious subject. Let us suppose the case of a man or a set of people who have created a vast organisation for the support of orphans, involving the outlay of thousands of pounds annually. The persons so engaged, all fervent Christians and of assured faith in the promise, "Ask and ye shall receive," are without anxiety. They incur expenditure and accept the children, believing that God will provide. They spend nothing on organisation, and have

no paid organisers. They put their needs before God, and the funds come. There are days when they have nothing in hand, and actually do not know how the next meal is to be provided. They pray, and the cheque they need arrives, and from some one of whom they know nothing. Many who read these lines will be aware that I am relating a tale of real life. What is the verdict? Is it faith or presumption? I believe that without question what is faith to some is presumption for others; and a course of action which is right for some would be quite wrong for others, whilst both parties may be equally men and women of faith.

Yet when all has been said, the problem is a mysterious one. For some it is possible to take the words of our Lord in their simplest meaning. Prayer alone is needed, and the answer follows. Others hold that prayer for funds, for example, for an object however good, presupposes the fullest use of means suggested by common sense before the answer can be expected. The religious life of our day supplies remarkable examples of success of both kinds of faith. Some hear a voice of God saying, "Proceed with the work; I will provide." Others, equally faithful, hear the Divine Voice saying, "Secure first the money necessary for the work: I will bless the means used for that purpose, and the funds will be obtained." In my own case, it would be an act of sheer presumption if I were to sign a paper promising to pay for the site for a church, and then to proceed to sign a contract for the church itself, without a penny in hand, and with no

intention of making any effort to obtain it except by constant and earnest prayer. Yet there are those, I believe, to whom this would be an act of humble faith, and who would succeed.

Now ask Faith again—"Have you all sorts of followers, all types of men and women?"

She gravely assents: "They are of every imaginable type." Yes, indeed, who has not met them as in a gallery of portraits? The follower of Christ may be a soldier obeying his General. His loyalty and obedience are complete, his life and all he has are at the disposal of his Chief. But he does not expect to be intimate with the General; it is enough to reverence from afar: he does not even expect to understand the orders given; enough that they have to be implicitly obeyed. It is a beautiful type. Then there is the Christian who lives his life nearer Mount Sinai than the Mount of Olives. It is a fearful thing for him to stand before God: hell is never out of sight. The Divine Voice is that of a trumpet, and always there are thunderings and lightnings. But what service he gives! But, again, there is the Christian who lives in the Beatitudes, to whom one sentence has summed up his spiritual experience—that God is Love, one to whom the graces are given along with the gifts, to whom hell is an impossible dream, whether for himself or ultimately for any. Then there is the Christian who says he cannot believe until he understands: and there is beside him his brother, who believes and does not wish to understand.

There is the timid Christian who doubts of himself all the way, but patiently trudges along. And the doubting Christian whose faith is but a faint hope: his doubts are intellectual doubts, not those of the flesh; his cry is ever, "Oh, that I could see God! nothing then would matter." And there is the man sitting next him in church who has never had an intellectual doubt, but has had to fight the flesh all through the years, and cries "Oh, that I could grow old at once, and see some chance of exorcising these devils by the loss of physical powers." And for all these, and many more, Bunyan has given the right names.

Then, too, there are the Christians, whole companies of them, who have been brought up in the way, on the whole, most natural, I think, to the Anglo-Saxon character—namely, strong in individual faith in their God and Christ. And possessing Him, they ask for no more. They feed their spirit through prayer and Bible and preaching, and not in any deep sense by Sacraments. There is no doubt about the strength of their faith; so precious is it to them that they are consumed with the longing to tell it out to all in every land. Great evangelists they are, and they can stand alone: they do not seem to need corporate life or corporate Means of Grace, though not averse to them. They belong to the Church, and try all their days to see the importance of its place in the Kingdom, but they never succeed to any great extent. Yet I have been too sweeping. In old age surely they begin to

realise that, however strong their individual faith, there are secrets of the Christian life, and beautiful types of it, which now at length begin to make themselves evident.

Again, there are other companies of Christians who have begun with the corporate life of the Kingdom: it is natural to them by temperament, and it has been fostered by religious education. The Church is everything, the individual almost nothing. They do not see themselves before the throne of Judgment as single souls, alone, solitary, called to answer for their own life only: but as one of a great army—so completely so, that they almost lose their individuality in the great company of the faithful. The Bible is, of course, precious to them, but more as a test or proof of doctrine, of not much avail till the Church has taught what to believe and in what terms. And of all Means of Grace none are so tremendous in their significance and power as the Sacraments of the Gospel.

All these types of Christ's followers are faithful and true, all probably necessary, all fed upon some part or other of the great gift of Truth: all should admire the gifts which others possess, and ask God to add them to what they themselves possess. No one of them should despise his brother or belittle the light by which he walks.

It is of endless interest, also, to note how alike to each other are these Christians, when faithful, in the fruits of the Spirit. Yet each must walk in the way as

he sees it, but be careful to avoid those negative propositions about his brother that are the cause of most of our divisions. Affirmative propositions do not gall us, even though they may not express our own convictions. But when we commence to deny, trouble begins. Before the Great Throne it will not be our beliefs, but our negations of others' beliefs, which will cause us anguish of heart.

Now I have to ask Faith a favour. May I lengthen your name? May I call you "The Faith"? She is silent but does not refuse me. So I continue our conversation. Let us sing a song of praise that we have the Church's Creed, not as a missile to hurl at others' heads, but as an inexpressible comfort in a world full of voices arguing, denying, scoffing. The Church's Creeds are the ripe fruit of the past, tested in every age, compacted of facts, assured to us by the first founders of the Church, and proved for us by their having become anchors, if we may change the figure, in a sea ever tossed by storms.

As is but natural, this resting upon "The Faith" as a body of truth is a feeling that grows with our age. The young Christian possesses, of course, all the glorious and audacious qualities of youth. He has not made his mistakes and is confident. He wants to prove all things. In matters of faith he sets out to believe only what he can grasp or understand. What is beyond his vision he is inclined to despise or ignore or even to deny. I do not think that, upon the whole, we would wish it otherwise. Humility and self-distrust come on apace: we

need the young soldiers who believe they know more than their generals or than the whole army. In due time no one smiles at this attitude more than they do themselves. If we liken the Faith to a great banquet, the young Christian says that he will eat nothing that he has not himself sown or slain, nothing else is acceptable to his taste. Time passes, and so slow has been the change that one day he is startled at the transformation of his position and the wonderful reversal of his judgments. He finds that his joy now consists in the great banquet prepared for him by others, by the Church, by God Himself through His Apostles and Prophets. It is far too great even for tasting. He accepts what he can assimilate. The day comes, I hope for all, when it is a subject of gratitude to God that we have presented to us, with all holy sanctions, the great body of the Faith. The fact that we do not understand it all no longer affects us: of course we cannot. We live upon what we have proved, hoping for deeper knowledge. To deny because we do not understand the Church's Deposit seems to us sinful, presumptuous, dishonourable. To minimise Truth because we do not grasp it is far from our thoughts. Our cry is, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief," "Give me greater capacity for belief." To rest thus in the Church—the Church so much wiser than our poor talents or vision can hope to be—is peace. Faith in the Faith of the Church is our happy and accepted heritage.

So all is faith in God. I have been told that the late Bishop of Durham once asked a lady, "What fills

your thought most as you think of Heaven?" She answered, "God." "Yes," he said. "And what fills your thought most when you think of Hell?" "Evil," she replied. "No," said the seer and prophet—"God." With the double answer, I gladly close this chapter. In all times and places, in heaven and in earth, in time and in eternity, faith leads up to God.

And Faith as she listens wears a happy countenance.

Increase our faith, O Lord our God, in Thee and in Thy Christ; increase our love, O our Redeemer, to Thee and to Thy righteous people; increase a sure hope in us of our salvation; increase strength in us to overcome sins, and to stand against all temptation; for Thy Name's sake.[1]

O most loving Father, Who willest us to give thanks for all things, to dread nothing but the loss of Thee, and to cast all our cares on Thee, Who carest for us; preserve us from faithless fears and worldly anxieties, and grant that no clouds of this mortal life may hide from us the light of that Love which is immortal, and which Thou hast manifested unto us in Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.[2]

[1] From *A Chain of Prayer across the Ages.*

[2] From *Ancient Collects*, by William Bright, 8th ed. 1908, Parker & Co., Oxford, pp. 234–5. By permission of the publishers.

CHAPTER V

HOPE

The late Dean Stanley once told me of an incident which left a deep impression upon him. His father was Rector of Alderley at the time when he was offered the Bishopric of Norwich. Now Mr. Stanley had lived in Alderley all his life. He was born and bred there and had known several generations of the people. Naturally the thought of leaving Alderley came to him with a sense of anguish: but what was his duty? He travelled up to London and told his trouble to Dean Milman, asking whether he could refuse the offer of the See. As they were walking, Sydney Smith approached, and noting the gloom on Stanley's face, asked the reason. He was told: then he said to Stanley with great solemnity, "My dear Stanley, all through life remember we must ever look forward: never look back." Stanley went home and became Bishop of Norwich. The advice of Sydney Smith is just what the companion I am about to introduce to you upon the Highway always gives. "Never look back"—That is, "Hope on: the best is in the future."

Hope now stands beside her sister Faith. Will she always stand beside her? That depends. If you desire

to make her an inseparable companion, you must remain a Christian. All history past and present—all religious history—proves that if you wish Hope actually to abide, you must walk in the Way which is Christ. So in that full sense Hope joins Faith, and with one on each side of him the traveller in the Way may persevere in great peace. At the same time there is so great a family likeness between the two that it is often impossible to distinguish one from the other. Some will say that Faith is Hope on certain occasions; assuredly others would say the reverse. Both remain, or are meant to remain with the pilgrim to the end.

Now look at "Hope." What a cheerful countenance is hers. She seems always to be smiling, and we love her at first sight. I have sometimes asked a soldier what sort of a man he would like to have by his side in a tight place. Or setting aside his own race, from what nation or tribe would he choose a comrade when he has come apparently to his last ditch? It is not necessary to give the answer. For my immediate purpose give me Hope when I am with my back to the wall. "Ah," says some one, "I see you are an optimist." I answer—"Can a Christian be anything else?" But I allow that it is not fair thus to put it. It becomes of course a question of temperament, and there are some noble souls who when they are presented with the choice of two evils would be inclined to choose both! (I think it is an American saying.) Ask Hope as she stands there with a light upon her face whether she assents to so miserable a choice.

"No: no:" she exclaims, "choose neither, choose neither."

Let us turn now to discuss some of the delightful and yet delicate differences between the two sisters. Sometimes it is really nothing more than an expression or a look: or again a tone, or the absence or the presence of a smile that distinguishes them.

But to pass on to some distinguishing differences. Ask of Faith—"Do you delight in experiments?" She looks dubious and wears a serious air: perhaps she hardly knows how to answer. Now ask Hope. "Oh, I delight in them! Sister always keeps in the very middle of the path, and of course I love it too and should never think of not returning to it. But there is so much to see and learn elsewhere. So when Faith sleeps or is resting I slip away: all around us lies Wonderland. Avenues extend right and left with shade and running streams and arbours and most pleasant friends."

Now ask Faith what she thinks of it all. She answers —"I confess I am often anxious about my sister. Her heart is right and she always returns: but sometimes her dress shows signs of mud: she comes back tired and bedraggled. Her story not infrequently is of disillusionment." "What follows?" we ask Faith, who answers, "Her spirit always revives: you cannot quench Hope. Yes, I have learnt a great deal from her excursions, a very great deal. But," and here she smiles lovingly, "you know, Sister, that we have learnt quite as much in the way of warnings as of

other kinds of knowledge from your incessant travels." Hope agrees.

The sisters, then, are of enormous value to one another. At times of course, steady, plodding Faith becomes a sombre person ; then her sister by her very presence casts a brighter hue over her, and sunlight irradiates Faith's garments and enters her very heart so that her pace quickens. Nor need I tell how Faith, in turn, has the best possible effect on her sister.

Do you ask which is the more indispensable ? That is a hard question—better leave it unanswered.

It is needless also to say that Hope's eyesight is wonderful. She can detect the faintest gleam of light, indeed, her very presence seems to shed brightness around. When the traveller sees naught but dark clouds, she points to the single ray, or to the silver edge which tells of light beyond. When a gulf yawns in front, she fixes his eye upon the path on the farther side, and assures him that there is a way through. When he descends the precipice, her form throws a gleam on the rocks and in due time the opposite bank is reached. If she has one counsel more than another which she whispers into the ear with a most winning voice, it is, " Do not look down so much at the roughness of the road ; look up—look at yonder shining light. It comes from thy home." When the wayfarer will look down and cannot raise his eyes, then she says, " Look, dost thou see the faint footprints ? They are the blessed Master's. Tread thou in them boldly."

And now I must tell of an achievement of Hope's of which she is very proud. It is about the past. What would you say? Can you hope in the past? Surely Hope lies wholly in the future? No: in a deep and beautiful sense Hope lives in the past also. To prove it I must introduce a pilgrim to you, and he shall tell you his own story: moreover you are sure to be tender to him and to be very specially respectful. Diffidently he comes forward. There stand the two sisters, but his eyesight is such that he can only see one of them. He only sees Hope. To her he speaks: "It hath been said that thou hast no place in the past, leaving it to Faith. Yet, as I stand here and throw mine eyes back through all the years, it is thy form, Hope, that appeareth everywhere. I have searched for thy sister, but I have never found her: thee I have beheld and treasured. Thou, for me, still livest in the past. Woe is me, I have never been able to believe, but I have ever hoped. Thinkest thou the Master will reject me? Dim to me have ever been the realities so clearly visible to others. Yet I have seen thee, and have rejoiced. I have hoped with trembling, for I could not be sure, that the record of the Lord's life may be true." Hope's face displays its tenderest expression as she says—"Some there are who are 'saved by Hope.' For them, what are plain facts to others take a shadowy form, uncertain, yet much to be desired. So I save them throughout their lives, past, present, and future." Among this band are some of the noblest souls, to

whom peradventure belief, which may be worthy to be deemed a living faith, is a very mighty thing, deeper far than what shallower minds may have the capacity to apprehend. It may well be that the hope of some is of finer, and of firmer, texture than the faith of others. To these the Lord may say—"Ye are not far from the Kingdom of God." What do we ourselves say? It is in our hearts to hope that He will be able to utter for them those comfortable words, knowing how truly they have striven to believe, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

I have no time to ask Hope in any full sense about her experiences among non-Christian races. It is for her a sad subject, for she possesses a very loving heart. Suffice it to say on her behalf that nothing waxes dim so quickly as hope on part of the "sheep that have not recognised their Shepherd," and it is natural—Greek and Roman, the Hindu and the Buddhist, all in time lose hope. And we believe that probably the chief ingredient in "the fulness of time," when the Lord came to be born of a Virgin, was the extinction of almost all hope among those who at length despaired of finding out God by intellectual effort. No: Hope is the very daughter of Revelation. The Old Testament and the New, these are the true birthplaces of Hope, and now she abides for ever.

But it is in the Old Testament that the likeness between the two sisters becomes so great that one can hardly tell them apart: the very names we now know the sisters by were not then commonly in use.

Faith was often called "Trust," as we have already explained: and Hope is not often mentioned by that name except in the Psalms. Also, strange to say, Jeremiah is generally singled out among his august band as "The Prophet of Hope." But remember that in a general sense the whole of the Old Testament breathes hope: all the sacrifices of the Temple, all the men who were "types," all the utterances of the prophets and singers, all were hopes.

Now as we turn to the New Testament ask Hope a question: "How often are you mentioned by name in the Gospels?" She looks at her sister lovingly: then she smiles and says—"I am not mentioned by name at all in any of the Gospels." Is that a fact? It is. Nowhere does the substantive "Hope" occur in the Gospels. The verb "to hope" occurs twice but not in any prominent manner. At first this fact strikes us with wonder, almost with bewilderment. Then, as we think the matter out, an explanation occurs to us which to me at least seems adequate and of extraordinary interest.

You remember that when we asked Hope the question she turned to her sister. That gives us the clue. The Gospels are the central home of Faith. In them we are brought into the presence of the great verities. They tell of facts; there we sit at the feet of Jesus and listen; we walk with Him and note His deeds. The time in fact is too short to do aught but learn to look and to listen. Hope in the Gospels sleeps in the arms of Faith. We are in the presence of the

greatest and most central *facts* in the world's history. Then on the foundation of the Gospel facts in due time the Church goes forth to ponder, to bring forth of its treasures things new and old. We construct our systems, we peer into the future, and give ourselves up to visions. Hope born of such Faith wakes and becomes a great personality.

Faith in fact is so strong that for fear of making any part of it dim even the word "Hope" is excluded from the writings of the four Evangelists. So I read it. From that home will burst forth in due time a depth and fullness of Hope such as the world has never seen or will ever see elsewhere, the only inexhaustible fountain of Hope of which the world has knowledge.

When we turn to the remainder of the New Testament—namely, that part of it which is the interpretation and unfolding of the meaning and significance of the Gospel message, the Acts and the Epistles and the Apocalypse—Hope becomes one of the common terms, and St. Paul stands forth pre-eminent as the preacher of it. Some forty-two times he uses the word. As for example, "Touching the hope and resurrection of the dead am I called in question." "We are saved by hope." "Now abideth hope." "The hope of his calling." "The hope laid up for you in heaven." After "experience, hope." "The hope of the Gospel, Christ in you." "Looking for that blessed hope." It is to be noted too, how, throughout, St. Paul connects the gift of Hope with the Presence of

the Holy Ghost. The combined effect of such sentences as those quoted above thrills us, and all the more when we realise that this is a new phenomenon in religious history. Christian theology seems to burst forth with Hope as if it could not contain itself. It is remarkable, also, that the Epistle of unknown authorship associated with St. Paul's writings, the Epistle to the Hebrews, comes next to St. Paul in this connection. The author speaks thus: "the glorying of our hope," "the hope set before us, which we have as an anchor of the soul," "the bringing in of a better hope." St. Peter speaks of Hope four times; two quotations must suffice: "who hath begotten us again to a lively hope," "be sober, and hope to the end."

St. John uses the word but once. "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself." We need not be surprised. This Apostle lived more than any other in the very centre of the realities. All to him was Faith; he saw and handled the Word of life, and the beloved Apostle was never out of sight of the beloved Master. At least so I see it, and if there be any truth in these reflections, they are but one more instance of many things to be discovered in Scripture, undesigned coincidences, as proofs of the depths in the record. Who would have supposed that the Evangelists did not record the word Hope? Yet it brings into greater prominence the blossoming o the foliage and flowers of Hope out of the stem of the Gospel tidings, the facts of eternal significance to the

people of God, the leaves of that tree which are for the healing of mankind.

There necessarily occurs to us now, for the sake of wayfarers like ourselves, such a question as this: How are we to distinguish in the Bible record between the utterance of Faith as against the voice of Hope? It is not easy: but it is worth pausing awhile over the subject. It is because some earnest people make no attempt to distinguish the two that we have experience of what I can only call fantastic theories. We need not here give names to these theories because they will occur to us all. Old Testament prophecies have been made as definite in their details as though they were a sort of "Baedeker" for the use of pilgrims in the Highway. There are really no such complete guides. Outlines we certainly possess, but ours is a life of Faith and the path in front is ever dim. Not till you have actually trodden it can you be sure *in detail* what the future has in store. Whether it is the message of Old Testament prophecy, or the Apocalypse of St. John, do not expect macadamised roads laid down for you by the Lord of the Highway. It would not be for your good. Faith and Hope are your companions, not "Sight" and "Certainty" as some would have you believe. The end is sure but the details of prophecy are often hopes. The Gospel facts are certainties; but upon them are founded hopes that take us beyond the power of visions. Whole libraries of books might be consigned to the scrap heap if only Christian people would differentiate between the great facts of the past, and also

of the future as held in faith. On the other hand, they must discern what is poetry and the embroidery of imagination, such for example as the hope which expresses itself in verse after verse of the Psalms. "The Kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the Kings of Sheba and Seba shall bring gifts." It is not in the least necessary to locate these places. We know unto what the Psalmist points, perhaps to the great far-off event when Shepherds and Magi came to the manger and worshipped. On the other hand there are utterances of course—such as those in Isaiah liii.—which make us stand in reverence before the plainness of the prophetic word. But only when we have come to know by experience of the fulfilment, can we be assured of the line to be drawn between Faith and Hope, between Sight and sacred Imagination.

Our last interrogation of Hope must have reference to the far horizon. Ask her—"How is it that you are said to abide? Must not the hour come when even Faith is lost in Sight? Must it not be still more true of yourself that you are lost in achievement?"

But Hope is not abashed. "No," she answers, "We both abide, my sister Faith and I." And as she speaks, and both sisters look equally confident, we fall to wondering more than ever of that mysterious future, beyond the veil, where once St. Paul saw and heard unutterable things, the life which is life indeed. For Love to abide, that we can understand. But Faith and Hope! Are they needed when we "see Him face to face"? All men are of course out of their depth

here, and we can only speak of that which we imagine may be true. The clue is to be found I suppose, if there be a clue, in the belief that there is no limit, none whatever, to the growth and progress in the knowledge of God. Or it may be that tasks await us needing Faith and Hope of which we have no conception as yet. Words of the New Testament flash up : "Have thou authority over ten cities." "They follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." What are we to think ? Does the Lord need us as fellow workers beyond the veil, if so be we are worthy ? Then of course we may pass on to ponder over the "many mansions." Will there be vast regions in the depths of life eternal to be won by Faith still ? It may be so, but what of Hope ? What place has Hope when once the wayfarer has come to his own in Christ ? Again, I can only speak of what I dream, and as it were in parable. I seem to see Hope at work inside the "Mansions," and her task is ever to be opening windows, saying the while to the pilgrim, speechless already with wonder and gratitude, "I too am here. Remember that every room in all the mansions hath also its windows. Remember the infinite Love of the infinite God."

Wayfarer and Pilgrim, forget not the angels that are ever at hand for guidance. Thank God for Faith, thank Him for Hope. If you ask how it comes that they are beside you to-day in spite of your falls and disobediences and ignorance and general unworthiness, the answer is sure—You have Faith and you have Hope because God is Love.

Note

The Pilgrim's Progress.—John Bunyan is surely disappointing on the subject of Hope. Faith for him seems to be everything, and one misses in this point, as of course in many others, the light and shade of a wider view of spiritual life. For example, Bunyan introduces Hopeful only when Faithful is dead, and Hopeful is younger than Faithful and (remarkable fact) he cannot read. Hopeful, of course, encourages Christian as he sinks in the river, but it may be permitted to express regret that so acute an observer of spiritual life and also of human defects did not appear to have entered into the fascinating distinction between Faith and Hope, and their abiding necessity for man in his Christian pilgrimage throughout its course. Hope is not brought into the story of Christiana.

Mr. Watts' "*Hope.*"—This famous representation does not depict the brighter side of Hope so much as her utter patience, even to the end; a perfectly legitimate and helpful conception. But one could wish that the great artist could have given us a companion picture of "Hope Abounding." Bunyan was more at home in *Grace Abounding.*

Is the pathway dark and dreary?
God's in His heaven!
Are you broken, heart-sick, weary?
God's in His heaven!
Dreariest roads shall have an ending,
Broken hearts are for God's mending,
All's well! all's well!
All's . . . . . well![1]

[1] John Oxenham. From *Bees in Amber.*

Christ Jesus our hope (1 Tim. i. 1).

Hope putteth not to shame; because the love of God hath been shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Ghost which was given unto us (Rom. v. 5).

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, in the power of the Holy Ghost (Rom. xv. 13).

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to His great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead (1 Pet. i. 3).

CHAPTER VI

LOVE

Wayfarer, I have reached the subject I have been dreading. Are you surprised ? It is full of beauty and tenderness : it is all that. But it is beyond me. Nor am I alone in this attitude. I am bound to confess that of all the treatises or chapters on Faith, Hope and Love, it is the last of the three which has generally seemed to me inadequate. Perhaps many have failed to realise the difficulty till they have tried. Were human love the whole of the subject perhaps one would not despair, but we Christians cannot get away from the haunting sense of the message of St. John—God is Love. No. I cannot let my fancy play round "Love" as I have ventured to do with Faith and Hope. I could not personify it as I have done with the other two. No one ever said that God is Faith, or that He is Hope.

I know you will be disappointed with our converse now. I can only stand afar off.

And even the second Commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," even to handle that command is distressing at this dread time of warfare. Someone indeed may whisper to us—But to-day ought not hatred to be the subject for Christendom, not

love between man and man ? The question distresses, though we have our answer ready. We are not ashamed of our own part in the quarrel, Christ's quarrel it is for us. And we ought to give our answer : St. Peter it was who exhorted us to be prepared with an answer for the faith that is in us, and we will obey.

So I will ask you to turn aside once more, and I will open another vista.

Look, there below you lies a vast plain. It is the whole field of battle to-day, all Europe and far away to the East : the heart of Christendom as we used to consider it and all the Bible lands. Spread all over it are scars and stains ; survey " the sorrow and the want, the pain and the misery which devastate the earth."

Somewhere under your eye almost surely there lies all that is mortal of one you love, whom you gave to God. And God took him. And the Master Who loved the soldiers (I have no doubt of that) knows him by name.

Watch the scene then, make it as real as you can : and we will the while discuss human love and the command about it laid upon us in both the Testaments. Quite naturally words rise to our lips even as we watch the fires rising from burning villages and our ears are dinned with the shriek and crash of shells.

" Love suffereth long and is kind : love envieth not : love vaunteth not itself, doth not behave itself unseemly . . . is not provoked, taketh no account of evil . . . beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things . . . love never faileth." Addressing others he

wrote, "Avenge not yourselves, beloved, but give place unto wrath." These are true messages from God, are they not? Certainly: eternally true. But we have of course often pondered over other parts of this Apostle's message, some of them in the same Epistles as those from which I have quoted. He was a man not only with a loving heart but capable of mighty wrath. He saw no contradiction between the two. Nay, he received it all from his Divine Lord.

Once he heard of false teachers among the Galatians and at once he wrote, "I would that they which unsettle you would even mutilate themselves."[1] Yet he also pressed upon them in the same Epistle the noble fruits of the Spirit, "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness" and the rest. The same balance of conduct is even more noticeable in his correspondence with the Corinthians. Every one knows by heart his song of praise for the love that "abides" and it is love of our neighbour. But place side by side with this the passage from the same Epistle. Hearing of one who was forsaking the Lord, a baptized member of Christ, he wrote, "Let him be anathema."[2] That is, he laid a curse upon him.

Is it possible indeed to exceed the sternness of judgment and of corresponding action which he recommended in the case of an offender against the law of purity: "Ye, being gathered together, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus, to deliver such a one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh."

[1] Revised Version (marg.). [2] 1 Cor. xvi. 22.

St. Paul was a fighting man, if ever there was one, and he was prepared to smite, and to smite hard, in the cause of truth and honour. Can there be any conceivable doubt that this Apostle would have been in the trenches to-day cheering on the armies of the Allies? Is it necessary to add more? At least it is as well to call full attention to the balance of Scripture in times of convulsion. Do you remember, for example, that the foundation of the Christian Church was almost contemporaneous with the judicial death of a man and a woman for the sin of lying? [1]

Again, we do not need to be told that no one has spoken words more stern than the Lord and Master Himself: no one who has followed it up with plainer acts of judgment although in a sense symbolic. The Evangelists evidently see no contradiction between the most stern and the most tender acts. Both "became Him" "Who did no sin."

Three Evangelists give us the Lord's denunciation of one who causes a little one to stumble: "It were better for him if a great millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea." [2] Two have set down the doom foreshadowed for one who acted a traitor's part: "Good were it for that man if he had not been born." [3] So He Who said, "Love your enemies," [4] and also "Resist not him that is evil,"

[1] Acts v. 1–12.
[2] Mark ix. 42; Matt. xviii. 6; Luke xvii. 2.
[3] Mark xiv. 21; Matt. xxvi. 24.
[4] Matt. v. 39, 44, x. 3, 4.

said also, "Think not that I came to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace but a sword."

It seems also that certain acts of our Lord for which in past days Christians have been inclined almost to apologise (with reverence be it said) or even to hold that they must be interpolations and contrary to the character of the world's Saviour, must now be felt to be a welcome contribution to the perplexities of Christian men and women.

For example, can anyone doubt the presence of a very special indignation in the heart of the Lord when He noted traffic and merchandise within the sacred precincts of the Temple? You will note of course that all four Evangelists record the fact, and the scene is depicted with intense force. A scourge was in His hand: He overthrew the tables on which the money was heaped in piles, scattering the coin of all the money changers indiscriminately amongst the crowd.[1] Strong action indeed. Could it have been effected with impunity had there not been a look on the Master's face which awed, and perhaps terrified, all who beheld Him?

There are surely even more significant acts of Him Who came to win man back to God. Twice He inflicted the penalty of death. Once when He watched the swine perish by His permission.[2] And again when He cursed the figtree,[3] imparting a warning which man-

[1] Matt. xxi. 12; Mark xi. 15; Luke xix. 45; John ii. 14.
[2] Matt. viii. 30; Mark v. 2; Luke viii. 32.
[3] Matt. xxi. 19; Mark xi. 13, 20.

kind is not likely to forget. Such records are severally thrice and twice given us. There have been times, I repeat, when Christian apologists have doubted in what manner to defend these acts. Perhaps most of us are thankful that we seem to have Divine authority for the belief that there are things not only worth fighting for or dying for, but also worth killing for.

All this while we have been watching the battlefields spread out before us. Yes, and we still believe in love as the Divine rule of life between man and man, and that love, Divine love, is the most inexorable thing in the world, punishing in the name of God and of His Commandments more surely than any other power.

But you would fain turn away from these dread scenes in the vast plain below us in our imaginations, albeit they are memorable for thousands of examples of noblest chivalry, perfect comradeship, and devotion to duty unto death.

Let us once more continue walking in the Way. And as we pass on let us talk tenderly of duty towards our neighbour, and in the simplest details of everyday life. These slight, very slight, acts, you well know, are the severest test of character. Most of us indeed could wind ourselves up for a heroic deed on a great scale now and again, but what of the little, almost unnoticed, acts which tell of courtesy between man and man?

Do you travel much by train? Well, do you ever prevent others from entering your compartment? When they come are your looks hostile? When the

journey is long have you ever thrown parcels over the corner seats to lead others to suppose the carriage is full ? I am ashamed of making such imputations, but I have seen it done. On some night journey have you thus secured rest ? Yes, but was it neighbourly ?

On the pavement of a crowded street what of your breeding ? There are two ways, are there not, of waiting in a queue ? of taking tickets in a booking office ? of asking your way of a stranger ? of behaviour in a shop ? Or again, There are long and anxious working hours for wage earners to-day : and one who has been upon the stretch for nine hours in the City feels his spirit and body run down as he reaches home. Perhaps home life is noisy : the children have come storming back from school and need help in their lessons and demand it. Wayfarer and wage earner, how do you meet the strain in such simple, human relations ? Does the wife just a little dread her good man's return ? Such details are not classed among heroic deeds, but they test our character shrewdly.

Human relationships : " Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." And at once we think of our manners. Some men and women possess charm : some have none. Is it merely a natural gift, or is it Christianity ? Some are worshipped by their servants, some shunned. Some are called haughty by their neighbours, yet it may be shyness. Some seem to give you the impression that they know nothing about the divisions of society into classes. They never give the feeling that they are

superior to you, others appear to be afraid of injuring their dignity.

And now that we have all begun to think in terms of the world, nothing less than that, now that we are merging our insularity into something nobler and more neighbourly, permit me to appeal to my comrades in the way to remember their manners in their relations with other races. Perhaps you may read these words in India or Africa or in some Treaty port or far-away island. Your neighbour is almost certainly a sensitive man. What has been your attitude heretofore? The future of the Empire and the peace of the world depends upon the answer we all give to that question.

I learnt a lesson on this point a few years ago which I gladly pass on to the wayfaring brethren. I was about to travel to Delhi to meet a large body of educated Indian gentlemen, and I asked anxiously of one most qualified to instruct me, "Tell me, how ought I to behave?" "That is just it," he answered; "don't behave." And he was quite right, for when you meet gentlemen you don't "behave," because you are just your humble self. Even I who was born in India and have inherited a tradition of right conduct towards all other races, even I was betrayed by my anxiety into asking a foolish question.

Wayfarer and comrade, all human duties, even the simplest, are fashioning the vessel which should end by being a thing of beauty for the Lord's use. And as we grow old we wonder whether a good Christian can

ever have bad manners. It is not a question of education but of innate delicacy of nature, innate or acquired. Yes, I suppose you can be a respectable Christian even if you have bad manners: but I think of One Who said of Himself—"I am the Good Shepherd." But I also remember that the adjective "good" might equally be translated as "the noble," or "the beautiful." The changes and chances of this mortal life ought to make us gradually into beautiful Christians, do not you think so? Old age ought to add to every face its own special and characteristic beauty. You will not keep any beauty that good men and women care for by disguising your face, for each age in life has its special charm, and nothing will produce it better than the constant effort that we may love God and also our neighbour; not on heroic occasions only, but in the daily walk with God on the dusty Highway. It is one of the truest marks of a wayfarer to look with tenderness on his fellow travellers and to find in every one of them something that calls forth sympathy, respect and fellow feeling which is not only human but divine, "the mind of Christ."

But we have yet to speak of the first Commandment. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." Yes, with heart, soul and mind. There is only one way, that is to love God "in Christ." Have you wondered sometimes why the Master did not Himself say, "I am Love," or, "The Father is Love"? The Names we have of Him, from Himself and from the Apocalypse, are a mighty treasure. A long life is not long enough

to enter with full depth of meaning into all of them. But "God is Love"; that was kept for St. John to declare. I may be wrong, but I seem to read a new meaning into the Lord's promise, "When the Comforter is come . . . He shall lead you into all the truth." And there could surely be no greater gift of revelation than this to St. John. To me it seems to be the greatest of all proofs of the Coming of the Holy Ghost. And so the Canon of Scripture ends with the two names of God, "God is Light," "God is Love."

Now let us come in imagination into the Temple at Jerusalem. By permission you pass on till you actually enter the Holy Place. There you stand, awestruck, gazing at the furniture and the whole scene, all so symbolic. But you are dumb. It is such holy ground. You cannot help thinking of Sinai and the trumpet voices of thunder. The Commandments sound in your ears. The All Holy God speaks, and you are a sinful man, and Holiness always has power to take our very life away, as at present we know it. You exceedingly fear and quake. You almost dread that the curtain over there, which separates what you can see from that innermost sanctuary, may be drawn aside and some overpowering vision of God vouchsafed you. No: no: you cannot bear it. But see, the form of an aged man advances: he looks back at you and smiles. His face is as that of one who has seen the Master in the flesh and also glorified. Yes, he is actually moving towards that

very curtain that hides the Holy of Holies. He stops in front of it. What will he do? Now he looks back at you, and says in a tone that thrills your heart through and through—"God is Love." The curtain parts but you have fallen upon your face. You have heard the Name of God, of God your Heavenly Father. He has revealed His heart to you.

Come away. It is but for a moment that we may behold such visions. Let us pass from the Temple Courts and continue on our journey.

You know, do you not, that for this revealed Love of God, this Name of God, a new word had to be coined? It is so wonderful a thing that no word existed till this mystery was laid open.

Agape. This new word is not found in classical writers. The Christian Church coined it, and in the New Testament it is found no less than 138 times:[1] a new word unsullied by stain in the past. Love which is also Holiness. You should also know, and doubtless you do, that the coming of the Lord had the effect of deepening many words which were well known before, giving them a far nobler meaning. Try and consider that the result of His coming has been to give you your Court-language, and keep such words from profane use if you can. I mention some just as specimens. One of these is *hagios*, holy. Once it meant anything set apart for a religious purpose but not necessarily pure or spotless. Slowly the word

[1] Sanday and Headlam's *Epistle to the Romans*, and for the following terms.

deepened in meaning : and it was the Christians who did it. It became, first, in a lower sense the character of a member of Christ's Body and then at length the attribute of God Himself.

Then note the word *dikaios*. Once it meant "just," that is, the relation of one man to another. In Christian hands it came to mean "righteous," the relation and character of a man to the character and will of God, and this of course was an immense advance indeed.

The same development took place also in another word, *eirene*, peace. Once it signified the harmonious relation between man and man, or the quiet character of a man. In the New Testament it has come to refer to the restoration of harmony between God and man, one of the great gifts Christ Himself has left upon earth, entering, as you know well, into all the great Christian Benedictions.

I do not think this slight study of words will have wearied us. We are on holy ground and we delight to know that the Glory of God has fallen upon words themselves till they have become jewels of light, like those which formed the breastplate of the High Priest. And you will suffer, I think, a word of warning. You will see that what I have meant to indicate to my comrades is that the Highway is often miry and we splash up the mud till it covers our garments and soils our faces. But it does more, it affects our very words. The dust and mire fasten on some which deserve better treatment.

In plain language, just as there has been a hallowing

of words by the revelation of God to man in order to speak of Him and His love, so constantly it is happening that there is a degradation of words. Consider your own vocabulary: watch it. You and I and all of us are living in days of nervous tension, and one result is a habit of clothing our sentences in superlatives: with the further result that we degrade terms hitherto reserved for sacred acts and ideas. An honoured friend protests to-day against the indiscriminate use of "sacrifice" to express paltry acts, whereas the word was for centuries used for the relations between man and his Maker. I could name another—"adore": it is in common, and of course thoughtless, use in connection with food and dress, and it may become thereby almost impossible to use it in its true meaning. At least let us conserve "worship" from a like degradation. These are but specimens, suggested to set ourselves thinking.

The days are grave: let our speech be grave too. God has drawn very nigh to us, and we to Him. It is a call to use all His gifts, Faith, Hope, Love, as fellow-workers with God, in every department of life, each in his own vocation, and consciously and humbly, for the saving of the world.

And indeed if we have been filled with joy at the thought of Faith and Hope "abiding," the realisation of the continued, eternal love of God illuminates every subject of human thought. The future to one who thus believes must be bright. There indeed is your window with a boundless prospect. All the evil, all

the sin, all the despair of the world cannot quench the love of Almighty, Everlasting God. And you will let me for your lifelong comfort turn the three words round. Take Love first, not last. Love abideth. You believe it? the love of God for everything, for His whole creation? Then hope everlastingly in that Love, for yourself and for all for whom you desire to pray: and also have faith everlastingly in that Love. No one can check you. No one must be allowed to daunt you. There are the three things that abide. True, the curtain falls at death, but Faith, Hope, Love can each pierce that veil: together they pass on for man's eternal consolation.

We cannot enter into detail about such a subject because Sight is denied us—at present. But I pity the man who says he must have Sight in order to be at peace, for himself and for all for whom he prays. No, rather than Sight here, give me Faith, Hope, Love. Faith in God, Hope in God, Love of God. Come, wayfarer, let us turn into that little House of Prayer by the wayside, and as we enter, a great content fills our hearts. We shall reach the end of our journey "in Christ."

O God, we have known and believed the love that Thou hast for us; may we by dwelling in love dwell in Thee, and Thou in us. May we learn to love Thee whom we have not seen by loving our brethren whom we have seen. Teach us, O Heavenly Father, the love wherewith Thou hast loved us. Fashion us, O blessed Lord,

after Thine own example of love. Shed abroad, O Holy Spirit of love, the love of God and man in our hearts : for Thy Name's sake.[1]

O God, the God of all goodness and of all grace, Who art worthy of a greater love than we can either give or understand, fill our hearts, we beseech Thee, with such love toward Thee, that nothing may seem too hard for us to do or to suffer in obedience to Thy will : and grant that thus loving Thee, we may daily become more like Thee, and finally obtain the crown of life which Thou hast promised to those that love Thee : through Jesus Christ our Lord.[2]

[1] From *A Chain of Prayer across the Ages.*
[2] *Farnham Hostel.*

CHAPTER VII

PRAYER

Perhaps I have delayed too long in speaking of Prayer, for indeed pilgrims and wayfarers cannot help speaking to their Lord and Master. Daily, hourly, it is our boon. And in these spacious days it has become more than ever our life.

The late Dr. Illingworth in his last book, *The Gospel of Miracles*, has a most arresting chapter entitled "The Miracle of Prayer," and I hope many may read it. Yes, prayer is a miracle, but perhaps so familiar that we forget how miraculous. Again, no one, we thankfully acknowledge, wants to prove to-day the possibility of prayer, or its value. I will not insult my readers by dwelling on that theme. It is the breath of our life.

No: let me instead lead you to three points on our road and open three vistas. Once more you will look on "Immanuel's Land": not, however, on the Master first: not till we have watched two of His old servants at prayer, and note also what came of it. Then from afar we will draw near to the Lord Himself and behold Him praying. It will be for great encouragement. But more than that; it will give us some idea what prayer can be, how mighty, and effectual; and how it requires for the working of miracles all the manhood that we

possess, our soul and body, and all we are, united in one strong purpose.

But these acts which we shall view with awe and reverence were not wilful attempts to force, as it were, the will of man on God. Far from it: they were prayers according to the Will of God. Does anyone ask whether God waits to be asked ere He gives? We doubt it not: it is just that conviction that makes us, when we see clearest, mourn the neglect of prayer. God waits to give, and man does not stretch out his hands to receive. Strange blindness of mankind. Jesus says—"Ask and ye shall receive." "Be asking," is the full meaning. And the visions we shall now see upon the way are among the most splendid and awe-compelling instances of men who kept on asking till they received.

Come and let us watch three at prayer—two were men of like passions as ourselves. One was the Lord Himself. In each case the prayer lasted hour after hour.

First it shall be part of the life story of a patriarch—open your Bible at Gen. xxii.

Jacob approached the great crisis of his life. Apparently experience, sorrow, waiting, time with its salutary lessons, had done their work. As he left Laban to return to the land of promise, so he really now at length desired conversion. Whether he knew how near the crisis was on which all depended, I do not know. Some warning he may have had, for "the angels of God met him." All we are told is that he approached the ford Jabbok, and sent across it all his

company. Alone upon the other bank he prepared himself for something: and we watch an all-night battle breathlessly. "There wrestled a man with him." The account of it is as mysterious as that which we have received of the Lord's Temptation. Both these events occurred in the same region, within sight of each other, though perhaps Jordan rolled between to mark that the one was a man, the Other was *Man* and *God*—the Word made flesh. In each case the accounts can only have come from themselves. Both, I venture to say, are comprehensible to men and women who have cultivated the spiritual life. They are true to what we know of the conflicts within the soul, which leave their marks for ever.

To those who would like to be reminded of a parallel in modern literature to the combat between Jacob and the mysterious and unearthly stranger, I would recommend Sintram's ride.[1] Who has not thrilled over the story? "The sun set as the knight approached a long valley, through which lay the road to his father's castle." Then we pass on to read of the companions he met, of the trembling of his horse, of the fearful forms that peered forth at him and rode behind him, and of the dread creature impaled upon his spear. And the sequel, which makes us breathe again and with thankfulness.

I imagine that all Jacob's old sins rose up before him in the appearance of devils, his lying and his deceit. They claimed his soul while he fought for his birth-

[1] *Sintram and his Companions*, by De la Motte Fouqué.

right. However he got that gift, he strove to keep it now. It was actually a battle for a man's soul, the central battle between God and the devil: and Jacob's will had to take a side and keep it till the morning dawned. Let each fill in the details according to his own experience; but those will best understand who know that in the life of the spirit there are combats as terrible as any that have been known in the trenches of Flanders or in the Dardanelles. Jacob fought, though he was a sin-stained man and weakened, fought with all his might for what the future had to give. As we see it, the choice that really lay before him though he knew it not was something as follows:
Was he to become just a Syrian chieftain, and no more? or was he to possess Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Isaiah, the Blessed Virgin, Him before Whom we bow the head, the Apostles, and the Church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail? This is something of what we see. But, first, he has to save his own soul, and all was condensed into one night. "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me." So the man's will was right. Meanwhile the hours passed: we may cast a veil over them: but as I have said, there are some who will understand. Then the dawn broke. And lo, his body was dislocated. Some men and women have so fought through the hours of a day or night that their hair has turned white. For us it is enough to know without inquiring further, that when Jacob crossed the ford and rejoined his company they who awaited him saw that he was lame for life. Perhaps,

too, there was that about him which forbade them from putting questions.

It is not necessary to enlarge any further. We have learnt what prayer can be, how much it means, how much depends upon it for a man's soul and for all to which it may lead, in his life and in the great world's, for good or for evil.

But it is time to pass on. I will open for you another vista, with the same lesson to be pressed home.

Refresh your memory with 1 Kings xviii. 41–46. One more example it is of prayer that is prayer indeed, and also of the blessed sequel. I believe also that it was prayer for a lengthened period, how long we know not, possibly—for who can tell ?—for more than a day or a night. And on this occasion it was prayer for a nation.

" Elijah went up to the top of Carmel ; and he bowed himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees." The attitude, weird and contorted, bespoke the intensity of his emotions. The prophet was about to pray. It will help us too if we try to live over with him his experiences of the previous weeks. The land had been smitten with drought. The crops had failed, the cattle were dead, the people were nigh to perishing, and the sufferings of their children were before their eyes. Quite lately, too, this man had travelled right through Palestine from the south-east corner to the extreme north-west. The people surely must have cried out at him all through the days, for he was the prophet of the Lord who was perhaps in

their eyes the cause of their calamities. Then followed the slaughter of the prophets. Could this man, with his heart so wrung for the sufferings of his people, now win from the Lord the blessing of rain? Can prayer be so intense that it can work a physical miracle? Was Elijah's will to become identified with the Will of the Lord? Once more, as always, we are enveloped in spiritual mysteries, but the story spells comfort.

How long he kneeled there in that strange posture, we know not. "He bowed himself upon the earth and put his face between his knees." A day and a night? Each must supply his own opinion. I cannot suppose it was a brief effort, for too much depended upon it. At length the watcher cried—"Behold there ariseth a cloud out of the sea, as small as a man's hand." The day will come, doubtless, when we shall be startled by revelations of the real forces which have ruled the world, over-turned empires, and altered the face of continents. Perhaps in these times "a cloud ariseth as small as a man's hand," over Flanders and Turkey and Poland and the Balkans: and that consummation may be the work of the prayers of the saints which have achieved more than even the armies of the Allies. The great settlement of the world also on sure and righteous foundations, this too is claimed as the domain of prayer by the Church of God, and not to be accomplished without prayer which is prayer indeed.

Look you also how the Bible is not only a book full of comfort but it is also a pitiless book. It holds up a

mirror to man which gives him a painfully true reflection of himself, of his inner life as well as his outward acts. It is so in this case. So exhausted was this man by spiritual striving that after he had won the blessed rain for his land his soul was opened to a frightful temptation, at least so we seem to read. The devil took his advantage and tempted him to commit what looks like suicide according to the record in the next chapter. If I interpret the record rightly that is nothing strange: nay, it is true to nature, so near together are the angel and the demon. So often does emotion pass from the heights to the depths, from heaven to hell. Many have suffered just in this way after what may have been at first a revival or a time of conversion. Those who have been called to lift the veil and give counsel and bring healing to sinful souls will understand; all of us cry for mercy, and the Lord, He knoweth, and watches over us tenderly.

One more example: and again it is of an all-night prayer, and this time we have no details. A mist enshrouds the Figure of Him Who prayed. We know not of His attitude, nor anything: but He, the Saviour, "God of God, Light of Light," ascended the Mount to pray. As for ourselves, let us in silence and in awe watch below. "It came to pass in these days that He went out into the mountain to pray: and He continued all night in prayer to God" (Luke vi. 12). Simple are the words of the record. Yet it was a tremendous moment. Read on: "And when it was day, He called His disciples: and He chose from them

twelve, whom also He named apostles." The Incarnate Son was in closest communion with the Father ere that choice was made. That choice which should set in motion the force ordained for the working out of that Redemption of the World won by Himself for all creation. We ask with bated breath whether the devils also haunted the hill to confuse that communion with the Father, whether he who "left him for a season" now returned to baffle: and also did the Divine Lord and Master once more speak and say, "Get thee behind Me, Satan"?

That night of prayer brings to us a sense of peace, because we know what it has borne for us through the ages till the end comes. Some day we shall know much more perfectly. We recall, too, the fact that whilst the Son of Man and Son of God, in order to found the Church, took counsel with the Father ere He chose the first stones upon which that Church should stand—that first stratum which was to rest upon Himself—those very "stones" were at that moment awaiting Him at the foot of the mount. And to-day we would fain ask, Is it a parable to be proved true of every age? The Lord, the same Lord, now glorified, is still upon the Mount of Mounts, "henceforth expecting," "He ever maketh intercession." Here too on earth the Leaders of the Church, above all others, have to be men of prayer. And again, how intense such prayer has to be when the great crises are upon us, Holy Writ has taught us time and again. But mark this also: the rank and file, the whole army

of the Lord, men, women, children, are in this Dispensation in a loftier position than those great men of prayer of the old Dispensation. "Where two or three of us are met together," there He—*He*—is in the midst. Prayer "in His Name"—that has the amazing promise. Prayer in the Sacrament of the Altar, that too is full of moving consolation and overwhelming sense of force. But far more still, He Himself above "maketh intercession." And "another Comforter" also helps "with groanings which cannot be uttered." And ever as the years pass, the miracles of prayer are heaped up for remembrance: new stones are taken up for the Temple walls: Disciples become Apostles; idlers are turned into workers. And as for ourselves, it is really true of us wayfarers, that at a great distance, yet with all goodwill, we desire to follow in the steps of those saints, great in prayer, who prevailed. What wilt Thou have us to be, O Lord? What to do? Our dedicated lives must answer the question. The work awaits us. The Means lie ready to our hand.

Lord God of Israel, there is no God like Thee in heaven above or on earth beneath, Who keepest covenant and mercy with Thy servants that walk before Thee with all their heart. Have Thou respect unto the prayers of Thy servants and to their supplications, O Lord our God: and hearken unto the cry and to the prayers which Thy servants pray before Thee this day. Forgive all who have sinned against Thee and all that have transgressed against Thee. Hear Thou our prayer

and our supplications in heaven Thy dwelling-place, and when Thou hearest, forgive.

Let Thy merciful ear, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy humble servants, and that they may obtain their petitions make them to ask such things as shall please Thee : through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Prayer [1]

When prayer delights thee least, then learn to say,
Soul, now is greatest need that thou should'st pray.

Crooked and warped I am, and I would fain
Straighten myself by thy right line again.

Oh come, warm sun, and ripen my late fruits ;
Pierce, genial showers, down to my parchèd roots.

My well is bitter ; cast therein the tree,
That sweet henceforth its brackish waves may be.

[1] Archbishop Trench. By leave of Messrs. Routledge.

CHAPTER VIII

PREPARING THE WAY

"The sun is risen: there too is one of our sanctuaries: and see, the fellow travellers are assembling. Come and partake of the sacred gifts." How helpful are these gatherings upon the way.

We entered and we fed, and thanked the "Giver of all good gifts," then renewed our vows, strengthened too and infinitely so, by the presence of the faithful.

It came into my mind now to show my companion another aspect of the Way, quite another view of it. "For us," I said, "the Way is Christ. There it lies open; it was trodden by Him and by millions after Him, and now to-day by us."

But I pray you, make an effort, and remember it will require an effort. Put aside this central view of the Way; I want in a detached manner to converse about the preparation of the Way: quite another subject. You will realise it best by recalling the cry of the prophet—"Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord: make straight in the desert a highway for our God"; and founded on that passage there is our well-known collect for the third Sunday in Advent.

For an hour then try and forget that you are yourself a wayfarer. For the nonce, I am about to turn you

into a navvy—"a navvy of the Lord": and you are to be called to prepare a way for the Lord in regions where there is no way at present. The Master waits for the Highway to be made so that He may come and bless races who "have not yet recognised their Shepherd"; and you will understand that He cannot reach them until you have made the road.

To be "a navvy of the Lord." A fine name—none, indeed, better. In connection with such a subject also, there is a parable which I will relate to you, and the interpretation will follow. The remarkable fact about it is that it seems to cover almost all the problems, perplexities, and difficulties which have beset the navvies and engineers of the Lord throughout most ages as well as those who are at work to-day.

Come then, give heed to my parable: I will build a railway in a difficult country, such as India, and remember that no detail I mention will be without significance.[1]

The first portion of this railway passed through a country easy for the engineer. The levels were good, the ground hard, the rains not violent. The work presented so little difficulty that it could be largely done by unskilled labour provided by the people of the land, supervised by a few Europeans. Very soon fifty miles were covered and the cost was comparatively trifling.

Then the line approached a river which presented a

[1] For the outlines of this parable I am indebted to an article in a C.M.S. magazine many years ago.

most formidable obstacle. Nothing but a bridge and a very long one, and built of the finest materials, would be of any avail. This bridge would be a mile and a half long in order to span quicksands and a river bed which, though often dry, at times became a raging mass of waters. The best engineers were needed, and the structure had to be planned and constructed in England. Moreover experiments had to be made in the river bed both by borings and soundings: many months passed before even the problem which had to be faced was understood. Consequently several years passed before anything appeared upon the spot, and yet money amounting to millions was being expended in the great workshops in the old country.

Now whilst these vast and anxious preparations are in progress, come and visit the great river at the spot marked out for that bridge. Do you see that Indian? He is a Hindu. The river to him is a divine thing, he calls it "Mother." He has come to the bank to perform certain religious duties, but suddenly he stops and gazes at a novel spectacle. He sees boats with white men in them. They seem to be throwing stones into the river or to be pouring something into it. He laughs, and when he returns he tells his wife, and says: "I have seen many mad Englishmen but I have seen none quite so mad as some I saw to-day." "What were these madmen doing?" she asks. "They were throwing stones into the Mother's bosom. She will be angry. What can they mean?" They both gave it up as quite beyond them. A month or two passed and

again the man visited the river : he watched the same men performing the same futile acts. And again he laughed and went home and said—" Those mad Englishmen are at it still. What will the Mother say ere long ? "

Then the husband and wife went away upon a pilgrimage to one of their holy places hundreds of miles away. Sickness delayed them and many other obstacles familiar to those who realise the conditions of such pilgrimages, and two or three years had passed before they returned. In due time they revisited the river bank ; and now to their amazement they could hardly recognise the scene. Right in the middle of the stream rose at intervals mighty shafts of masonry. Supported by them there passed from bank to bank an iron bridge, and as they watched a train slowly traversed the structure and disappeared in the distance. " Wonderful, wonderful," was all they could say : and they asked themselves by what power these strange Englishmen had succeeded in binding and overcoming their Mother.

The line now approached a mountainous region. Steep hills with deep gullies choked with jungle came down towards the river. The trouble for the engineers now consisted in finding a gradient suitable for the line in order to reach the plateau above. Much and most arduous prospecting had to be done. They made many futile attempts, for the jungle hid the ground and only by persistent experiment could the right place be discovered. Just so, for example, those who know New South Wales will remember how many years

passed before a track could be discovered through the gullies of the Blue Mountains. At length, however, they reached the plateau above, but not before there had been grumbling at home at the fancied stupidity and incapacity of the surveyors and at the waste of precious money. But those who know what prospecting in a new country involves will sympathise wholly with the engineers.

So at length the railway line reached the plateau above, and now it was approaching its terminus. But the plateau provided its own special difficulty, and in some senses it was the most provoking of all. They were faced with the fact that the soil was loose. No ingenuity, therefore, could succeed in making a solid "permanent way." That is, yearly parts of the line would fall down or be washed away. The expense of mending such breaks would be continuous and must be calculated beforehand. Consequently before the engineers handed over the completed railway they made it a point in their report that constant expense would be incurred upon this portion of the line. It was not the fault of construction. The soil was loose.

There you have my parable of "the preparation of the Way" throughout these ages for the evangelisation of the world. Many indeed who read these pages will have already supplied the interpretation and perhaps to the smallest detail. But for the sake of others who have not their knowledge I proceed with the explanation, and for convenience sake I will number the four portions of the line for identification.

(i.) Those who look for quick results in the Mission Field will naturally turn to the records of men and women of striking personality who have been sent to races of low civilisation which have also been isolated from the world of civilisation. Send a Selwyn or a Patteson, or a Paton or Chalmers, into a South Pacific Island. Take special care that no unworthy white men are permitted to approach those shores: let a strong and noble personality work its full effect upon a people who have no defined religion and no written language. If you revisit that island ten years afterwards you may look upon something like a transformation scene. A few noble-minded Christian men and women may have converted the whole island. Quite possibly five thousand may have been baptized and be living sane and wholesome Christian lives under the influence of those high-minded and sympathetic personalities. It is not impossible also that the result has been cheaply won. And I can imagine a business man, not yet learned in the things of the Spirit, look at the balance sheet and exclaim, "Now, this does really appeal to me! Do you see? the whole expenditure in ten years has only been £10,000: and they have at the present time 5000 converts: £2 a head! Splendid! I shall help this Mission."

I earnestly hope, sir, you will. It is fine work. The Melanesian Mission and other such Missions are looking to you eagerly for your assistance. But if you will refer to my parable I put a further question: If you were to ask the engineer in chief of that whole railway

what part he was most proud of, and he were to answer —"Of course the first fifty miles of it, for it was so quickly and so cheaply done," you would look at him with some astonishment.

Permit me, however, to guard myself from misconstruction. First, there are not hundreds of men such as I have named above. They are rare, as rare as the loftiest peaks of a mountain range: it is not given to all to be such mighty men of the Spirit as were the Selwyns and Patteson. And secondly, there is no island, I fear, which is untouched by the worse side of our civilisation. So the work even among such people is often slow and always arduous. But thirdly: it is sometimes asked whether men of the greatest intellectual ability are not wasted among child races. I cannot say that they are. I am not aware that the Selwyns and Pattesons could have done for the Church a nobler work than they did in Melanesia. Perhaps the answer which forces us to gauge the problem aright would be best put in the form of a question. If you have a boy of nine whom you wish to send to his first school would you say that it could make little difference to whom a boy of nine should be sent? I think you would unhesitatingly assert that for the lad you need the wisest and tenderest of instructors, men full of sympathy and imagination, with a fine sense of humour and a divine patience, with mingled tenderness and firmness. The two problems are one and the same.

(ii.) There are lands inhabited by great civilised peoples who have possessed definite religious beliefs

and have had the advantage of a written language and a great literature for thousands of years. Moreover their religion has been for all these ages intertwined with every fibre of their being, affecting every action of their lives and in fact the foundation of their entire social structure. Can any thinking man suppose that the Gospel can supersede such a religion in the course of a few years ? Indeed, would a sudden change bespeak future stability ? Argument is not likely to have much effect here. It is life, living the life, character as evidence of the Truth, which conquers in such lands. No man who realises what preparations and experiments were needed for the building of the bridge can fail to see what a parable it is of evangelisation in parts of India, and in China and in Japan. Hundreds of the noblest missionaries have been just stones dropped into the bosom of the river. They vanished : were they useless ? just as useless as the foundations of some great cathedral, well laid but out of sight, buried below ground, but so strong that the superstructure we look upon with awe and delight has stood firm upon such stones for centuries. Which would you rather be ? One of those now unheeded blocks, or a pinnacle or a window built upon it which we can all admire ? There are noble Missions to-day which for a dozen years could not vouch for a single convert. No : but all the while the bridge was being planned, and the Spirit of God was helping. Those men and women, the workers, "all having a good report through faith, received not the promise

. . . that they without us should not be made perfect."

Has any one then ever put to you such a question as this—"What is the price of a Hindu or a Japanese convert?" Let me suggest one answer. What is the price which your friend who took up that farm ought to have charged for his first crop? The land he obtained was covered with dense forest and undergrowth. It was some years before he obtained a crop. What would you say if he asked £500 a bushel? Why not? He calculated what all his own education and bringing up had cost, also his father's upbringing, also the whole of the cost of his stock, his buildings, and his land and passage from England.

The cost of a convert in a foreign land is on exactly the same lines as the cost of a convert among the unconverted members of an English parish. How costly was that work last year? Can you tell of twenty adults actually converted last year from absolute ungodliness in the parish in which you are living? What did they cost? Capitalise the value of your parish property, of the church, of the cost of training of the present clergy since they were born. Then divide by twenty. There is nothing in the circumstances of the Mission Field which we cannot parallel by what is happening at our own door.

(iii.) You will recall the line which had to be surveyed up through gullies choked with jungle. It meant not only the discovery of the right gradient but also an enormous amount of cutting down of forest growth.

The best portions of felled timber are utilised for making the line, but a great deal has to be destroyed. Moreover it is the first gang which perhaps has the heaviest work. It is called " the felling gang." If you were to follow immediately in their track you might be tempted to say that the obstacles to be overcome had been increased rather than diminished. The bewildering tangle of trunks, branches, and undergrowth piled many feet high might make the uninitiated despair. The surveyor will ask you, however, to await the advent of " the clearing gang " : then you will understand.

Now turn to the preparation of the way of the Lord. When the Lord's navvies and axemen come into a new land they are compelled to destroy much. And this destructive work is for the Missionary the worst part of his duty in any but the most uncivilised lands. He asks himself the dread question—" If I destroy, shall I be able to replace ? " " What if I help to wreck one belief without giving another and the true one ? " The nobler the Christian pioneer, and the more of a gentleman he is, the greater is the pain of that possibility. He lays himself open, as I have said, to the well-known taunt : " You have spoilt these people. You have taken away their faith and have not supplied them with another." The man, therefore, who may most deserve our sympathy is the pioneer Missionary who performs the destructive work—in " the felling gang." And of course our Lord warned us of such necessary acts. He spoke of the " chamber empty, swept and garnished " which might in the end hold

" seven evil spirits worse than the first." But He did not tell us to abstain from sweeping out the chamber. No: but to pray that we may construct as well as destroy.

But again it is more than possible that the new doctrine may be like the new wine which bursts the wine-skins. That is, a certain number may actually die, having lost one faith without having won another. Once more you may hear the question—" And where now are these spoilt people, now that they are dead and gone ? " The answer is so sure that one gives it with joy. " They are in God's loving hands: the God Who sent ' the felling gang ' to prepare the way, and Who also sent ' the clearing gang ' to follow up the work of the first pioneers. Those loving hands of the Lord God " will hold them firm. And, my comrade of the Highway, do you really think there can be many people to-day who have so poor a view of life as not to be able to recognise, in the face of the mysteries connected with the evangelisation of the world, that " the felling gang " does its work for thousands, perhaps millions, on this side the veil and the " clearing gang " on the other side ? That at least is the belief of the navvies of the Lord, who, whatever their work, go about it knowing well that it is all of it in the name of One Who so loved the world, the whole of it, as to send His Son and the Holy Ghost, Who also sent His servants to prepare the way—Faith abides with them, and Hope and Love. The Lord works slowly and does all things well.

(iv.) We have reached the last group of questions or problems or perplexities in the preparation of the Highway. Now you will remember the warning of the engineers, namely, that the soil was loose upon the plateau ; certainly it was a provoking difficulty.

Permit me to introduce you to an analogous experience in the work of the Church. I preface it too by a question. Do you consider that there are any races in the world that will never grow up ? Is there something in such races which keeps them as children in a sense ?

I am not prepared to give a confident answer to such questions. But it seems that for centuries at least something of the kind may be true. That is, there may be nurseries of the world as well as " mansions " for the elders. You will agree, however, that through both should pass the Highway.

Drop the parable and let me state the problem in a few words. There may be races in the world that will require all the tender supervision that a very wise and noble Headmaster gives to his school. And if we are wise we shall extend our sympathy once more to those who are called to build that particular portion of the Highway. Their people will constantly be open to the faults of children. Years may pass but the same faults will reappear : there may seem to be no progress : no, not perhaps in this world. But life here is but a small part of all life. And " children " in this world may be preparing to be " grown men " in the next. All this, however, requires a sympathetic imagination : and that is not what many a traveller, otherwise shrewd

enough, exhibits. There is no criticism more common than that of the globe-trotter who returns home with scoffings concerning the dress and habits of the Christians of a child race. He forgets that they are merely doing as his own children may be doing in his nursery at the very same time. He does not scoff at the latter but only at the former. And it must be admitted that it does require a sympathetic and an instructed mind to realise that a powerful man of forty may be in many respects a child of fourteen. " Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones. It were better for him if a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea." So spake the Lord of the Highway, Who having sent His pioneers to prepare the road, will come and trace the path with His blessed feet and make Himself known to those for Whom He has died, and risen again, and liveth for evermore.

But I fear I must have wearied you. The railway has passed through many a land and is still being built. It is for you but a vista though in another sense it is the actual Highway. We must pass once more upon our way. But here stands another of the Lord's sanctuaries. Let us go in: it ringeth to evensong.

Grant, O Lord, that Thy Kingdom may come indeed. Let it be as universal as the prophets foretold, and extend to every corner of the earth, and reach every man's heart and soul. And to this end bless the Missions of Thy Church: and may the days come when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as

the waters cover the sea, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O Lord, our most gracious Redeemer and King, dwell and reign within us: take possession of us by Thy Spirit, and reign where Thou hast the right to reign, and spread Thy Kingdom throughout the world: through Jesus Christ our Lord.[1]

[1] By Father John. By permission of Cassell & Co.

CHAPTER IX

THE HORIZON

Comrade, this is our last day together. The reason, too, is evident. We have not ceased to be friends : nay, I wish I could company with you further, but the way is no longer visible. There is a gulf before us ; and as far as the eye can reach there stretches a sea of mist : or is it the face of the waters ? I know not which. But beyond that again I see a light : not near us, no ; far away on the horizon. Faith can see it, and Hope ; and, remember, you have both. And over all is the Love of God. Soon we shall descend and enter that mist, or scull ourselves in a boat, with others, I hope, over that water. No matter : fear not loneliness nor any danger : be of good cheer ; for as of old the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, so much more now, infinitely more, the Holy Ghost not only broods over us, but "He dwelleth in us." He will guide us, teach us, cleanse us—the blessed Comforter Spirit, God the Holy Ghost. I shall not be with you, fellow-wayfarer, after these few days ; for that dimness is the future, uncertain and unknown to us, but known to Him Who knows all, and sent us Faith and Hope and revealed His Love.

What, then, must be our feeling ? Not dread : no,

but wonder—wonder and trust. What has the future for us, for the Church, for the nation, for the world ? Let us sit here on the edge of this declivity ere we part and ere we severally descend and pass on to trust, to work, to persevere, to reach, with all the faithful, the land, or the haven, or the home, however you call it, where we may see Him as He is, and become purified even as He is pure.

Nor will I refer any longer to the Highway. Let it end here for our present purpose. As for ourselves, we will just be two of those who are among the foolish to whom the promise was made that they should not wholly err.

The past and the present are with us as our instructors : what of the future ?

I think that God has drawn very near to most of us, nearer than we have felt Him for a long while. The transitory things pall, the eternal things are really sought. We turn from records of sport, for example (it is merely an indication) to the greater things.

But the people need a prophet. Perhaps we have one and are not listening. I do not know. Perhaps we await one to come. There is a great stirring, but somehow the crust over mighty spiritual forces must be more completely broken up than it yet has been. What ! Has not the war taught its lesson yet ? Not fully, I think ; but we are being winnowed all the time upon the threshing floor of the world.

I wonder how God will send the prophet. Once He spoke to a child when a great revolution was imminent.

And the child was told to say, " Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." There are millions of men and women who feel themselves children to-day, and unconsciously they are uttering that prayer. Some of us too ask anxiously, Has the Church been unfaithful, as Hophni and Phinehas ? We hope not. Or has it become easygoing and no longer a strong leader, as Eli ? We most earnestly hope not, but we fear. I wonder whose voice will stir us ? A man's ? a woman's ? a child's ? We wait, and millions are ready to hear.

And now for a distinct word of encouragement. There is no doubt that our field of vision has enormously increased. Do you remember that a few years ago it was considered a great compliment to say that a man " thought in continents " ?

We have passed far beyond that to-day. One who only thinks in continents at this time is supposed to be a shallow and selfish person. Some say that is the root evil in these days in the attitude of the United States : they are not thinking " in terms of the world." Christian people of course rejoice at the glorious advance in vision among the Allies, and I do not think it can be possible wholly to fall back. Europe cannot any longer think only of itself, nor can Asia, nor can America. It is clear to millions to-day, in comparison with only hundreds yesterday, that if one race or nation suffers or sins, all the world is injured. People, indeed, already talk gravely as if patriotism were no longer to be praised, and that " the world State " must be the object of our efforts, and nothing less.

The very fact that such thoughts are common to-day fills us with thankfulness, although the new heaven and the new earth may be far, very far, off.

Still further comfort. Do not you notice how intellectual difficulties about God, and His Revelation in His Son, no longer vex us? They have fallen back and outside of our necessities: people want us instead to feed their hearts and consciences. This, too, is wonderful, and a subject for thankfulness. We seem, indeed, to have got back into Bible days, when God was ever near: there was no need to prove His Presence to anyone. He was the most real of all truths. Yes, heart and conscience hunger to-day, and we must feed them. People want to learn what "the two Great Commandments" mean. They ask to be taught how to love God and to love their neighbour, and what the continuous states of Repentance and Faith mean experimentally.

The fact is that the Lord has come. And, if you like, we are toiling in a boat. Then suddenly an Apostle sees Him, and whispers, "It is the Lord." Then the Lord calls us to come and be fed by Him—and we all want to go. I cannot pierce through the mist into the future, but I believe we shall see Him as we have not seen Him before. Yet how much we may lose of the transitory things ere we reach Him I cannot tell: but I think we must lose far, far more than we have yet. "Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to Thy Cross I cling." Peter flung off his fisher's coat and plunged into the water to obey the call—that too is

a parable for us. In such ways we shall reach Him from our boat, till we kneel at His feet upon the dry land.

But after a word of encouragement it is well to warn: not, of course, to frighten any, but to bid them to watch, to take grave views of life. My word of warning is, indeed, in a sense connected just with what I have spoken of with delight—namely, the increased range of vision, the greater arena for work for God. But remember what also in that case is involved: it is not only the good that thus looms larger, but also the evil. You will not allow that, of course, to daunt you. The soldier of Christ ought to feel almost a sense of exhilaration in the fact that he is called to take part in so mighty a war. He must trust his soul to God and do his part.

I fear it is certainly true that great times can be great for evil as well as for good. The armies are larger, the victories can be more complete. Yes, and also the defeats. But be comforted: He, the Master, has overcome.

Come, now, as we sit and survey the misty future, let us recall most valuable lessons of the past. It is a sobering experience that each advance brings its own form of danger. Let us use Bible language and say that the devil can adapt himself to any age and circumstance. He changes his shape, and we find him bringing to nought at length what seemed an enormous advance towards the new heaven and earth. It is easy to give a few well-known examples. When the Faith of the Gospel won the heart of Constantine,

the Emperor of Rome, then Christians hoped that the final victory could not be very far off. The whole known world must soon bow the knee to Christ. But no—with the Emperor the world came into the Church so mightily that it seemed impossible sufficiently to leaven it with good. We to-day are still feeling the effects of that incursion.

Pass on to the Reformation. How essential it was: how it purified the Faith and tore masses of weeds and ivy and poisonous growths from the Church's walls. But then came the shock of evil following upon the good, and Christendom was shattered into a hundred pieces, and remains so—for the present.

The French Revolution! Seers and prophets prophesied mighty things of it for God and His cause, for the destruction of despotism and the freedom of the individual. And lo! the devil in due time brought in mob tyranny to work incredible evils, and to create, for the time, worse oppression.

Or, if you will, consider the special glory of the nineteenth century—namely, the magnificent advance in knowledge of the world and its wonder and its power, a true revelation indeed of God and His Wisdom and Glory. Coupled with this also, and essentially so, there were revealed to the world the vast possibilities of organised action in trade, in politics, and in the harnessing of nature's forces for the advance of humanity. All glorious discoveries, whose praises have been sung far and wide. And then—well, if I may paraphrase very solemn words without irreverence,

"Satan entered into it . . . and it was night." At the present moment we are groping in that terrible night. But once more be of good cheer. After the Betrayal and the Agony and the Passion came the Resurrection and the Ascension; and the Lord liveth for evermore. The night will pass, and the sun will rise again over a purified and certainly a humbled Christendom.

Now look again at that vast prospect, the future into which you and I are about to descend. The present, in comparison, always seems like the ark of old, does it not? It is familiar, it is our home, and we possess it: it is God-given. But what of the wastes in front? All is so uncertain. Will the sun, for example, rise again every morning? Will day and night recur? and the seasons? Will men have learnt their lesson and be sane, and believe in God? Turn to one of your God-given companions, Hope. She points you upwards. There is "the bow in the cloud." Is it dim to your eyes? Then turn to the other companion, Faith. Faith will so anoint your eyes that you will be well content. That expanse of waters now looks more friendly as being our future when we launch away.

But I must ask you to let me vary, or reconstruct, my figure of what is to come. I think the waters will subside and the earth will appear. That for our comfort. Our duty, therefore, having this hope, is to sow upon the waters—that is, whatever we can do to prepare for the future we must do at once, and God will watch over the sowing. Sow in faith and hope,

and the love of God, which ever works with us, will bless the harvest.

But once again, as before so now, you must not be perturbed if warnings go hand in hand with our hopes. In this case, however, the warning is too familiar to surprise you, for it is simply to recall to your mind the best known of all the Lord's parables : " A sower went forth to sow, and as he sowed . . ." The familiar words that follow are meant to be a lesson for every age of the world, without exception, until the end comes ; as with every part of it, so with the soil. The soil will remain the same. The different proportions may vary, but the classification will continue to be true for all time. Keep before you the truth that, when the waters subside and the result of our sowing is made apparent, then too the old wayside will reappear, and the thin soil upon the rock, and the thorns, as well as the fruitful spots.

My comrade, all four kinds of soil are to be found, first, in the hearts of all of us, in yours and mine. But we pray that, after the lessons we have learnt, there may be in our own hearts, and also in the world generally, less, far less, of the wayside, less of the thin soil and of the thorns, more, much more, of the fruitful soil.

The rainbow in the sky compels us to believe that. At any rate, by our own lifework and by what we are in character, we will strive to make it so.

And now in the way of prophecy : are we prepared to foretell anything ? More and more we are unable

to do so; more and more we believe that we have come to one of those times when "chaos" seems to express what we mean.

All we can attempt to do is to point out what are some of the elements which exist; but I think we are all ignorant of the way in which they will combine, whether to cause explosions or to form beneficent compounds. Chemists tell us, I believe, that a very slight difference in a mixture may produce the most startling and unexpected results. But one or two facts stand out plainly as problems for solution when the dry land appears.

One of the absorbing duties of every civilised race must be to face the question of "brotherhood," and to define what we mean by our "neighbour" in the sense of the Lord's parable.

"The brotherhood of man"! It seems a commonplace: we are accustomed to say, "We all believe it." Yes, possibly in our studies and when we write a book. But open your front door and walk into the street. Look around. Do you love your neighbour as yourself? Walk through the town: your neighbour's problems, are they yours? Do we care? Let us acquaint ourselves with the various classes of our "neighbours," poor and rich, hand-workers and brain-workers, industrial and agricultural, educated and uneducated, professedly godly and openly ungodly? Are their ills and sorrows and needs ours too? And again—and the question I now ask is a fundamental one—Do we make the "second command-

ment" of God rest upon the first or not? Or do we make duty to our neighbour the first commandment, and duty to God a possible second—if, indeed, it is a commandment at all?

I do thank God that the fact that there are two great commandments is coming really to be believed to-day: and, more than that, I believe that the Divine order of the two commandments is being seriously brought home to Christendom—that is, it is becoming clear to the world that our duty to our fellows has no secure foundation except as we believe in the Living God, Who has made Himself known to us by revelation through His Incarnate Son, and through the continual presence of the Holy Ghost.

And against all such belief, against belief in duty of any kind, towards God and towards man, there rises up the great enemy—or perhaps I ought to call it the great barrier—Self. The devil has entered Self, and has whispered, "Behold, this is thy God—Thyself." There is your enemy—and within you. He has been so in the past, he will be so in the future. But we are wiser now than we were, surely. That is our hope, and it makes us turn to God, and that is the best augury for days to come.

But you will hardly suppose, as we gaze at the way in front of us and far away to the horizon, that we can be content to dwell merely upon the perplexities which await us in our own land. These are great indeed, so huge in bulk that a man may well confess

that he has no heart for aught else. But it is useless so to speak. We cannot think "in terms of England," nor of "the Empire." We cannot even "think in continents." We must have "world thoughts."

Bear with me again, for I must still beg you to consider the same subject, "the brotherhood of man." More, far more than ever before, must all men seriously face that truth and the duty connected with it as "a world problem." There will be no peace now in the world till we do. And of course it sends a thrill through the heart of a Christian to find himself face to face with a great and manifest duty, and to believe that he is one of a vast company of Christians called by God to help to teach true brotherhood to the whole world.

The eye travels over the vast space which is now laid open before us that it seems as if all we can do is to indicate what there is to consider: just to ask questions without giving answers. Yet even the mere asking of questions will set us thinking.

Listen, then, to some of these, and they are asked just as suggestions as we humbly look forward into that vast and dim future.

(1) There are vast problems of Empire, our own Empire. It is a familiar fact that outside the United Kingdom there are three Sons of Empire, free, virile, self-governing, with a wonderful, if yet mysterious, future—Canada, Australia, South Africa. A fourth, not yet a son in the same sense, demands or looks earnestly for a place alongside the other three sons—India.

Is it possible that in the lifetime of any who read these lines, or in the near future, this may become true? The waters cover the earth: who can say what, in this case, will happen when they recede?

(2) *Continents.*—Throughout the world nation after nation, race after race, is "finding itself." They long to be free from external domination, to work out their own life in their own way, and thus to contribute to the gifts of the body of humanity (or, as Christians say, to the Body of Christ) their own special gift. Half a dozen races in Europe look for this boon as the chief aim and result of this war. We have all recognised this, and every member of our race is convinced of it as a practical duty. There can be no peace till it is accomplished.

But my next question will not be so familiar to many, though it is often in the thoughts of political leaders, and also, in a very special degree, of missionaries. How long is any one continent to dominate other continents? Is not the day coming when it will be considered contrary to the brotherhood of nations? At this time Europe dominates practically the whole of Africa, and a great portion of Asia. Is it of eternal obligation? I cannot answer. I suppose it is a problem of gradual (in some places, very gradual) development. At the same time, to ask such questions is to set us thinking.

(3) *Races.*—Looking over the expanse of waters till they recede, no one can doubt that what is called "the colour question" is one of the most important

for the generations that will govern the world during the next fifty years. It is more a question of attitude, of sympathy, of brotherly kindness, than of anything else, and it is just that which takes from the problem any feeling of hopelessness about it.

If it meant, for example, that "the brotherhood of man," as one of the great truths of the Christian Faith, involved intermarriage between all races as a duty or as an ideal of the future, I should be extremely unhappy; I should feel very hopeless. But, as I believe that races which have developed in the course of the world's history in very different directions ought no longer to intermarry, and remember, in the fullest interests of both such races, I am not only not unhappy, but most hopeful. It is not colour so much as climate that marks changes in almost everything in a race. Climate affects attitude towards all things, pace of life, character, outlook, everything. And such differences do not make for happiness in intermarriage. It is not a question of higher or lower, or better or worse, but a question of such differences that they mean incompatibility for marriage. Each type has its own excellencies, worthy of highest honour. The tropics and the temperate climes, this colour and that, are, if you like, and from this standpoint, "equal first." It is in this view of the matter that I find full hope for the future. Never before in the history of the world have so many different races fought together "in the cause of honour and justice," and in order to keep plighted faith and to defend the weak. The

sure result ought to be an infinite respect between world races thus welded on the battle-field. And more than this : it should involve admiration for each other's qualities, a settled attitude of courtesy and goodwill, a desire that each race should be free, and that all feelings of contempt one for another should vanish for ever. Some peoples there are indeed who, in the face of civilised world forces to-day, cannot yet be left with safety to independence of external control, but the aim should be to prepare them all one day for freedom, and to continue to defend the weak.

What times, then, await the young! Great may be the massed forces of evil—greater, perhaps, than any we have known upon the Highway—but greater too will be the plain duties, with a vaster sweep and a more magnificent horizon far flung before their eyes. And God Almighty will work His purposes out. Christ will ever be present. The Holy Ghost will dwell with them for ever. Yes, let us old folks congratulate the younger generation and wish them Godspeed.

But our converse has been prolonged. One question more. What book will help us best to discern the times that are coming ? Personally, I have no doubt of that. The Apocalypse, the Revelation of St. John the Divine. In each great age it seems to me that those wonderful chapters are, in a general sense, proved true over and over again. Let me explain, and I think you will recognise in that book the sequence

of the following events. We may unhesitatingly believe that those who live during the next fifty years will witness the recurrence of all the following leading points: (*a*) A coming of the Lord, true and definitely felt. (*b*) A judgment of the Churches, stern yet tender, faithful and searching, with plentiful promises and solemn judgments. Some Churches may almost disappear as world forces. Certainly all of them will be tested as by fire. Wood, hay, stubble will disappear. How much will remain? (*c*) Out of the furnace may be evolved a burst of new song and a finer literature. Already there are what may be called new birth-pangs of poetry, an intenser note and more spiritual, burning with a purer fire of devotion and a fuller realisation of the Presence of God. There are no prayers and praises so stirring and satisfying as those in the Apocalypse. Why should there not be a new outburst of the pent-up feelings of Christian hearts in the next ten years? (*d*) A revelation of the mighty hosts of the Lord, God's workers on earth, though invisible except to the trained eyes of faith. There is no greater comfort than that which we derive from such a revelation in the Apocalypse, and that comfort should remain with us, and in a strengthened degree. (*e*) At the same time a modern revelation of the terrible powers and forces of the Evil One, greater and more threatening than we have realised, yet, of course, doomed to defeat. Some consider that after these eventful days it may come to pass that both good and evil may become more and

more concentrated into opposing camps, and that there may be less and less debatable ground. They ask whether the opposing trenches of the armies of the Lord and of the Evil One may not be brought as close together as are the trenches in Flanders and in Gallipoli. We can only ask such questions; we cannot supply the answers. (*f*) A glimpse, a little nearer, of "the new heaven and the new earth." The horizon lighted up with a gleam which strongly confirms our hopes and strengthens our faith in God ever present. Will it be a rift through the clouds, only for a moment, or an abiding ray of sunshine? Again we know not. But the elders among us wish for the younger generation all the light, all the faith, all the hope, and all the love which by the goodness of God can be vouchsafed to them, more, far more, than we ourselves have known, by reason of our own blindness, in the past.

I was silent. Then I looked at my companion of the Highway in sorrow at the thought that now we must part. But ere I could speak he laid his hand upon me and said: "Just a few minutes more, I beg of you. You have spoken of the duties, the hopes and fears of the younger generation. But have you no word of counsel for ourselves just for the next two or three years? We have not quite finished our day's work. The sun is setting for us, it is true, but it has not yet touched the horizon. Tell me how we may finish our course with joy. What can you see of our duty, our own duty, here in this land of ours, and also of

our race and Church in the world? I pray you for this word of counsel." I was silent, and mused awhile. I prayed to the God of Heaven, and then it came to me to speak what I here set forth, but in the next chapter.

He that is down needs fear no fall:
He that is low, no pride:
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be His guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.[1]

[1] The song of the Shepherd Boy in the valley which to Christian was the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

CHAPTER X

A NATIONAL MISSION

I turned to my companion and said : I think God has led us to call on our nation to approach Him as one body, as it perhaps never has been called to the same extent before. The thought is not mine. It is now current coin, for the same idea seems to have occurred to all earnest people simultaneously. Nor am I sure that it is exclusively Christian. All of whatever religion seem to be moved in these times to approach unseen powers for light and aid. Our leaders in the Church have obviously felt stirred, and have in speaking of it chosen, I believe, the true psychological moment.

The fact is that the tremendous strain of war has revealed our strength to us, and also our weakness. We realise that to carry to a successful issue such a contest we need not only large material possessions, but also all moral and spiritual forces that we can claim. Moreover, we have of course had to take stock of these last, and have been somewhat dismayed. It is true that certain rooms, as it were, in our spiritual treasure-house have been found to have been filled, others have been discovered to have been to some extent depleted. Whole classes have exhibited mag-

nificent patriotism ; nothing finer has ever been known in our race—devotion unto death, and with a smile of joy at being able to give life up for a noble cause. We have also found, I think, that a good deal of what alarmed us during the last ten years was not so much a hard crust as a mist which might have hardened into some bad deposit, but has by the mercy of God been dispelled by a storm of hurricane force.

I do not know how well to define that miasma. Perhaps the spiritual side of us was becoming merely moral, and the moral in us was passing into the material. Shall I explain ? By the spiritual I mean that part of us which sees God and hears His voice and accepts His will. Great prosperity, much peace, and a great sense of safety from our enemies in our own land, has made the vision of God as an ever-present Power grow dim. I think we were just beginning to think that we could do without God so long as we continued to be moral. " If conduct is right, what does it matter what we believe ? " You know that form of question ? So worship was coming to be looked upon as an extra, certainly among men. Games were just as useful as worship on Sunday : they helped the body, and that after all was the most important duty in the life of work and of a decent moral life. You see that a good deal of morality remained, but the foundation of a lasting morality was being shaken. You can of course have a good and a decent morality based upon human experience alone. History has proved that abundantly, when at the

same time a belief in God as an active, ever-present Power had virtually disappeared. But history also proves that it is not a lasting morality. It progressively weakens. It ceases of course sooner or later to be Christian morality, and becomes, or approaches to, pagan morality. And the first signs of it will almost certainly become apparent in regard to the ideals of marriage and of purity. "Hath God said?" whispers the serpent. Well, when God's Presence recedes, that question sounds more insistently in our ears.

I do think that, as I have said, "the spiritual" was tending to become the moral. But, of course, the same degeneration affected "the moral" too, and it tended to merge, and to be lost, in "the material." "Have you seen God?" No. "Then why are you not satisfied with what you can feel and see? What do you know about the next world? Get on as well as you can in this one."

To-day I think the tide has turned the other way. I believe also that it is a spring tide which may have its effect far up the rivers among human habitations, cleansing and purifying the streams. Men and women have become alarmed at living only for material things: of course they are, for these are being swept away and with them too their noble sons are being called beyond the veil in thousands, just when they are in their prime, with every fine quality strengthened. "What does it all mean!" they ask. And I rejoice to see that the rebound for so many is right back to the spiritual, not to the mere moral. That

last does not satisfy. It is not conduct but God, for Whom they now long and a blessed fact it is. They want to be taught to pray. They need God now as they have not before for many years.

But perhaps you ask whether I am not more hopeful than appearances justify me in being. It is a fair question, and some, indeed, take a much more pessimistic view of the situation. They almost despair; they see nothing but an alarming deadness in the nation as a whole in regard to spiritual things. I think they are wrong. I believe that just below the surface there is an immense longing for God. The crust is very thin. The frost, if you like to put it so, has passed and the ice is thin and rotten. It will stand but little weight upon it now. The unbinding of the waters is not long to be delayed. And that is the reason why I believe we have reached the psychological moment for spiritual advance.

But all depends, also, upon the character of the call to be made upon the nation. There must be no half measures for they would be useless, and deservedly so. The call must be made with no uncertain sound; more than that, you must ask for the utmost. Summon the whole nation to conversion, to repentance, to prayer. And by asking for the utmost let me explain in detail. The clergy have hitherto looked to others, to spiritual experts, to uplift their people from time to time. In these days that should be an unworthy expectation. Such a thought as the following ought not to be in their minds: "There is to be a mission

in this parish; I hope they will send me a good missioner." There must surely be no sending of missioners, but every priest must be asked to sweep before his own door. As in the days of Nehemiah, every family must build the wall where it is broken down before his own house. That is calling for the utmost. There is your problem. Can you, diocese by diocese, so train and prepare the clergy that 20,000 priests of the Church of England will be ready in, say, eighteen months' time to preach a converting, renewing mission? It is a fine ideal. To turn pastors into ministers for conversion, to take nothing for granted with anyone, but to go to the root of the matter, and to lay once again the foundations of the faith, the doctrine of repentance from dead works, to save souls from sin, to believe utterly in God through Christ, to be led by the Holy Ghost to a renewed life; to do it for the clergy themselves and then for their communicants, then for all the people.

Do you ask whether the Church would rise to it? I am confident they would. I believe the clergy would welcome it on their knees, and so would the people, for these are days of whole-hearted devotion. And if for the Empire and the world, why not still more for the cause of God and of salvation! Then the task of preparation. Yes, it is an enormous task and for that reason exhilarating. In a sense every pastor would be turned into an evangeliser. Conventional religion, so great a danger both for clergy and people, would receive a blow from which it would not recover for

years. The very ideal of Christian life would be raised. There would be such a mutual searching of hearts as we have not known for centuries. But all would depend upon asking the utmost. Half measures would be fatal. What do I mean by half-measures? I mean, for example, the training of a thousand missioners to go from diocese to diocese. That would be the old way, surely quite out of place at this crisis, except to train as a preliminary step. It must be universal service voluntarily accepted. The very essence of "the utmost call" is the call to a priest to stand among his own people and to call them, and to call himself to a new life, not by deputy but to prove that he himself has risen to a new life.

But not only so; it is only by such a method that you can ensure, as far as any step can ensure it, that the mission will not be a galvanic shock administered by a stranger, whilst the flock returns to its own level with its own pastor. Of course these views are given in the most general sense, as surveying the whole United Kingdom; they are no imputation upon the many zealous and nobly working clergy.

The laity also would accept the challenge. There would be a completeness in such a call upon the spiritual life of every one without exception, which would call forth a splendid response, and the women are ready even more than the men.

And the leaders of the Church. Theirs is an onerous task, and a noble one, to prepare for such a mission. But there is the military analogy with all its success

of late to inspire hope. A great military officer asks for three million men. Some scoff, but it is the grandeur of the call which led to success. In sixteen months he obtained them and onlookers say it has been a miracle. The issues are even greater in the spiritual sphere. Call for the utmost devotion of 20,000 clergy and of 20,000,000 laity, men and women, and you will get your response. Call for anything less, and you will get little.

It is a fine possibility—nay, it is more than that, it is a glorious certainty at this special time. To delay means defeat. Call to your aid also every strong inducement to rally together in order to return to God in repentance and faith. Do it for the sake of wives and mothers at home who have had their sorrows and bereavements and terrible snares too in some directions. Do it for the sake of the clergy and of all classes of the community. Do it to save us from class warfare when self may arise again and work ruin among the difficult readjustments of trade and wages at the conclusion of the war. Do it most of all in order to prepare a purified England for the return of our heroes from the front in their millions. Let them discover that we at home have learnt the same lessons as they have, only in a different manner except in this one essential, that both those who went out to fight and those who stayed at home to work have drawn nearer to God, and have both heard His voice and have vowed themselves to a closer walk with God for all the rest of their lives.

It is the general idea of such a call that fascinates. To enter into detail in this place seems almost an unworthy act. Still, just a few such details may suggest thought. Accept them for what they are worth, and they are suggested as mere indications of the aspiration after reality, and in order to enrol the active co-operation of all.

What do you say, then, to the following details? Let every church in the United Kingdom be open from morning till night. If in every place it needs a guardian, let it be provided as an honourable occupation. Let every church be free and open for the next twelve months, all pew rents put on one side, and the money found by other means. Let the clergy and workers freely use the church for their private prayers at all hours. Nothing helps a shy man so much as the sight of others at prayer. Let plenty of aids to prayer be provided. Let no confession of sin in any church or cathedral be said "on G" for the whole of twelve months, and let the natural voice be used as much as possible; if possible for all prayers for twelve months. Let us see to it that no prayer or service is gabbled for twelve months. I apologise to the clergy, who may rightly be insulted by this imputation. It is made for their sakes. Let solemn silences be introduced into our services, and by those who know how to utilise silence.

Let services be held on Sundays and on week-days at hours which may be most unconventional but yet as fitted as possible to the needs of all. Let ser-

mons be short and devoted to the most fundamental truths, and preached from the heart; if possible written so that they may not suffer from diffuseness. Let the reading of the lessons be made a subject of prayer by the clergy, so that these passages of Scripture may be riveted on the attention of the people. They can be made such intense sermons that no other sermon seems needful. Let the administration of the Sacraments—Baptism and Holy Communion—be made overwhelmingly solemn and understanded by all. Let humble and unaffected visitation become for twelve months the duty of all the clergy, as also the faithful teaching of children on week-days. It seems to me that even such details open out before us a vista with a bright light upon it and boundless hope for the future. But all depends upon the spirit that is in us. I believe the United Kingdom is ready to respond to the highest spiritual call that can be made upon it, but not to anything less than that. I believe confirmations might be doubled or even trebled.

I ceased speaking, and my companion bowed his head. At length he said: "Yes, if all this may be hidden in those mists that lie before us, we may gladly step forward in faith and hope."

I answered: I have one more suggestion to make. If there is aught in my dream of the immediate future, then I beg you to note that such a mission is just as much called for in every continent in which the Anglican Church is found as in the United Kingdom.

Is it anything but an additional and an obvious step that such a mission should be extended so as to embrace all the continents ? Let the call be as complete, and all parts of the world will rise to it—America, Asia, Africa, Australasia. Every part of the globe has sent its contribution to the front, and will receive back again its own heroes in due time. Every continent has been stirred to its depths. If we in the United Kingdom call upon "our partners in the other boats" to do their own work alongside of us, and on the same complete and extensive lines, we should all cheer one another and provoke one another to good works. Said my comrade to me at this point: "I think you have been thinking in your dreams of the Anglican Church ?" Yes, I answered. At this time I think it is our wisdom to do our own work as for our own people. It would be a blessed thing if other denominations would work for the same object side by side with us. But let it be side by side, not by mixing ourselves up. Such an attempt would leave large portions of our Church cold ; we should be defeating our own object. Various Christian bodies, or Churches, speak with a different note or accent. In perfect amity let us each go our own way, and work out our own salvation by our own special methods.

I rose from my seat ; my fellow-wayfarer did likewise. We clasped hands in silence, as is the way of Englishmen. Then we took our several roads down towards the mists which hid the future, hoping—nay, assured—

that in due time we should meet again by the help of that Spirit Who is our perpetual Comforter and Inspirer. They who trust in the Lord and humble themselves need fear no evil, not even if the way be long and hard and dark. God has so loved the world that He sent His Son. The Son has sent the Holy Ghost from the Father. Abiding in Faith and Hope and with His Love, we trust and fear not in the Highway wherein even the foolish will not be permitted altogether to err.

Almighty and eternal God, there is no number of Thy days or of Thy mercies; Thou hast sent us into the world to serve Thee, and to live according to Thy laws. O Lord, look upon us in mercy and pity. Let Thy Holy Spirit lead us through this world with safety and peace, with spiritual comfort and joy in the Holy Ghost: that when we have served Thee in this generation we may be gathered into our eternal home: that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, may be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

We praise Thee for
Thy moving upon the face of the waters;
Thy emission into all things living;
Thy descent upon the prophets;
Thy visible advent,
as a Shadow;

Thy coming upon and overshadowing at the Incarnation
of Christ; . . .
as fiery tongues,
after the Ascension;
Thy invisible advent
on the apostles gathered together in prayer; . . .
Thy often visitations henceforth
in calling,
in calling away from sin,
calling out of the world,
recalling from backsliding,
in our calling on Thee,
in Thy pleading for us;
Thy distribution of graces, ministrations, operations;
the graces, works, fruits of the Spirit,
the compunction caused by Thy reproof,
the unction of Thy teaching,
and of Thy bringing to remembrance;
Thy shedding abroad of love;
Thy helping our infirmities, in praying;
Thy witnessing our adoption;
Thy sealing in the mysteries,
the earnest of our inheritance;
Thy visiting us,
dwelling in us,
purifying us,
shining on us,
strengthening us,
adorning us,
carrying us on unto perfection,
who guidest us into all truth,
and givest us strength.

BISHOP ANDREWES.

CHAPTER XI

EASTER MORNING

Thoughts of the Highway, of the long long road, how they humble! Trace the course of your own life, then of others of whom you have read, still more of those you have known in the flesh. No pride is left in us after that. Evermore too, blessed be God, we "lift up eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh our help." And gratitude, overwhelming, deep, life-long, swells within us.

So it was with me: heart-searchings of Lent had pierced the conscience: yet the Great Physician Who is also the Loving Surgeon, He does not fail us; trustingly we submit ourselves to Him, not only the body but the soul and the spirit. Infinitely good He is and gentle and wise.

Then, to think of it: our Physician suffered for us; His life-blood poured out becomes our life.

Why such words as these? Because with millions of my brethren in all parts of the world I had pondered and prayed once more over the story of the Passion. Morning by morning we had with a goodly company of the faithful "shown forth the Lord's death till He come."

And as Easter Eve passed, exhausted by the effort spiritual longings produce, I bethought me how wonderful it would be if just for once by some means faith might be translated into sight. "Oh, that I might see Him or even His garment as He passed by." I fell asleep and dreamed.

Again I was upon the Highway, but it seemed changed. There were such crowds upon it. Here and there they wandered in groups. All nations and races were represented. Whispers came to my ears of strange tongues. But there were no tears upon their faces nor dust upon their clothes. A great peace had fallen upon them. And yet they looked around on all things as if it were familiar ground. They pointed at times to the ground and spoke to each other. Then it occurred to me that they had all been here before and were now revisiting the scene of their pilgrimage. Perhaps they were noting spots where they had stumbled and fallen, but also as if all that were past. Ever and anon they gazed far away as though they recalled memories of lessons learnt by what they had seen. To me they paid no attention nor did I recognise them; yet something told me that if I waited and walked onward I should come to those of my own generation.

So it came to pass. Ere long I beheld men and women who through childhood and manhood had been my inspiration: from their lives had been reflected the light that is the Light of the World; and thankfully I had caught some of it for my guidance. I longed

to thank them—a thing I had never been able to do—some for their books, others for that daily example which needs no spoken word. I approached them, but they could not see me; something kept me at the last from speaking.

How tenderly I looked at the past generation who had been permitted to revisit the long road. "Patience," I murmured. "Surely at the great Assize, or somehow, I shall be able to rise up and confess all I owed for life and godliness to those who had gone before."

Then too I came to those of my own flesh and blood and a still keener longing filled me to tell them how I had never been grateful enough, had often troubled them, and had been so slow in my duties to them. They too passed, and I dared not speak.

Among these were bands of children. At least I think they were children but I am not sure. A mist golden and bright enshrouded them. Had they grown since they had fallen asleep in Christ? I could not tell. I thought, too, I beheld one or two . . . Then the tears started from my eyes. I know I should not mourn. But our own children who have passed on—ah me! So I wandered, nor did it seem strange to me to watch a scene uniting us to those who have crossed the flood.

After a while a change seemed to come over those groups. They appeared no longer to examine the road; it was more as though they were waiting and ex-

pecting someone or something. A difference, too, appeared on their faces, as though things earthward were giving place to something else. Something surely was about to happen, but what? Nature also seemed to feel it. The very flowers and shrubs were moved, not like the whispering of leaves in the wind, but as though they murmured in their own language. The very ground seemed to heave as if a heart beat beneath it. Then a great silence fell, a silence to be felt.

Then of a sudden it seemed to me that I was experiencing what happened on that first Easter morning, recorded indeed by but one Evangelist yet an event which fitted in well with the rest of the wondrous story: "Behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent; and the tombs were opened; and many bodies of the saints that had fallen asleep were raised, and coming forth out of the tombs after His resurrection, they entered into the city and appeared unto many."

Was it possible then that ever since on the Resurrection morning holy souls have been permitted to visit each his earthly home, and all over the world have watched their Lord pass in some wonderful manner? Had I too been permitted to see for once this appearance?

"Oh, that I too might see Him or at least feel Him moving past!" So I whispered but the groups paid no heed.

At length He came. I could not see Him but indeed He came for I could detect Him in the faces around me. How can I explain how they looked? On all a glory fell and beneath it their varying expressions. The aged pensioner meeting his old general who led him to victory and decorated him with his own hands; the prisoner meeting his advocate who had saved him from penal servitude and set him free; the girl face to face with the man who had saved her from worse than death; the patriot and his country's saviour; the lifelong friend and his best-loved comrade; the man wounded to death but saved by the physician—these are but indications of what I note in concentrated form on their faces. The strong joy, the complete trust, the overwhelming gratitude, the wordless devotion, the personal tie between Redeemer and redeemed, all expressed in silence more eloquent than speech. There was too the lifting up of the hands and faces, a mute suggestion of words such as, "Unto Him that loveth us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, unto Him . . ."
He passed and I saw Him not. He passed towards a church near by. Then also it seemed to me that those faces turned to me and indicated that I should follow Him. I ran and as I came to the door the worshippers were entering for the first Eucharist. All was bright with flowers for it was Easter morning and "very early." I knelt in due time before the Altar, and there and then the externals seemed to pass away; I lost sight of the priest and his assistants.

He, I felt, was standing before me. *His* voice it was which said to me, "This is My Body," "This is My Blood." I tasted, and in due time with prayer and thanksgiving I left the church. I still hoped that somehow I might see Him. The groups were gone, the road was the old road, but I was conscious of a voice somewhere whispering, "Come, He calleth thee."

Then, too, I became afraid. How could I, a sinful man, behold the Lord glorified? The apostle of the Gentiles fell to the ground and was blinded when he saw Him. The disciple whom Jesus loved "fell at His feet as one dead."

So in fear and trembling I went forward covering my eyes. I felt I was come unto Him and I fell upon my face, and there I lay still.

Was I afraid? Strange as it may seem I was not afraid, not as I lay thus stretched upon the ground.

Did I look for Him to speak? Nay, it was enough to know that He was near and was looking down upon me. I felt deep down in my heart that here I lay in the presence of God Who was also Man. He understood. Somehow He had taken of that nature which was also mine. No: I feared not but I could not look up.

At length He spoke. I cannot tell what the sound was like, but it is for ever impressed upon my ears and upon my heart. He spoke and asked of me, "Lovest thou Me?" I strove to speak but could not. Instead there rose up before me all my poor, sin-stained life, and my stumbles and falls upon the way. I only wept.

And He, He understood. And I think—yea, I believe—that He accepted that only answer which I could make.

Then I seemed to cease to feel. I know not whether He laid His hand upon me: too great an honour that would have been. Yet I know not: is aught too good for Him to give His own?

I awoke, and lo! it was a dream. The dawn was breaking, that Easter dawn. In this life of ours, chequered by sin and sorrow, hopes and fears, faith and doubt, messages reach us, sometimes by a word or a look or a dream or an event, messages of great peace.

So once more I girded up my loins to continue on my pilgrim path, and lo! before me a light shined upon the path. I felt somehow that I should be assured of it unto the end.

Thee, the splendour of the Glory of the Father Himself, and the Image of the substance of Him that begat Thee, Who didst appear in the body of our humanity, and didst illuminate our souls by the light of Thy life-giving Gospel, Thee we laud and adore and glorify at all times, Christ our God, Lord of all.[1]

Go forth with me, O Lord, from this Thy Holy House: cast about me the fence which the evil one cannot pass, and clothe me in the armour which his darts cannot pierce; send down upon me Thy love, and light, and calm, wherein, as in a cloud, I may continually dwell, and worship Thee for evermore. Amen.[2]

[1] *Liturgy of Malabar.* From *The Altar of Fellowship.*

[2] From *The Altar of Fellowship.*

Ye are come unto Mount Zion,
and unto the city of the living God,
the heavenly Jerusalem,
and to innumerable hosts of angels,
to the general assembly and Church
of the first-born who are enrolled in heaven,
and to God the Judge of all,
and to the spirits of just men made perfect,
and to Jesus,
the mediator of a new covenant,
and to the blood of sprinkling,
that speaketh better than that of Abel.

THE END

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"There Is No Death."

Thoughts Inspired by the Burial Ceremony of the Unknown Soldier.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: Few scenes are more inspiring than that of a Government and its people uniting in paying tribute to the noble qualities of courage and self-sacrifice which are embodied in an ideal of heroic soldiery. When, however, the object used to focus this loving tribute is a coffin, then some of us feel an indignation not easily suppressed. For this reason may I ask the courtesy of your columns to utter my protest against the paganism of the burial ceremony to "an Unknown Soldier"?

Is there no consideration due the hundreds of thousands of citizens in this country who disbelieve in the mental experience called death, who know that

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"The common enemy is now disarmed
nd helpless. There is no longer need
r the armament we started to build.
nder these circumstances, is it con-
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agree mutually to cease from that
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r swords in the unity of defence
ainst a common foe, we cannot now
form the obvious action of sheathing

Armament Useless Now.

Considel how it came about. There
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nited States and Japan, engaged in an
nterprise of greatly increasing their
fighting strength on the seas. All the
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Montgomery, H.H.
Life's journey

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